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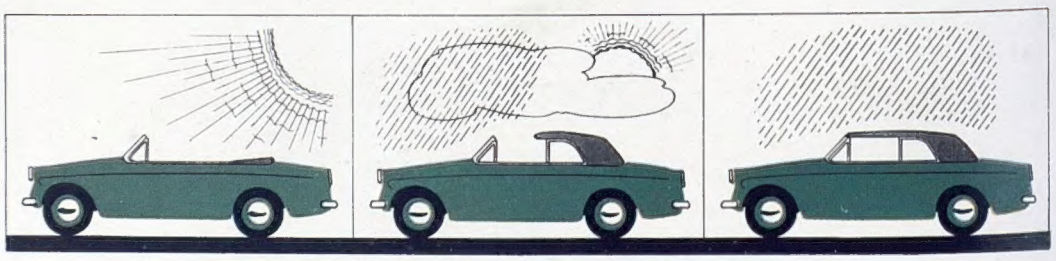

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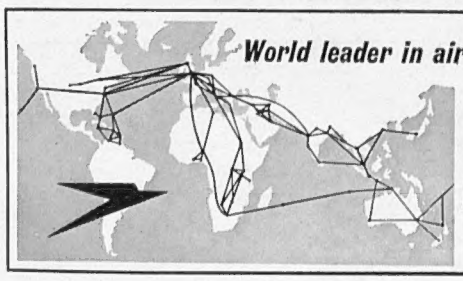

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Volume CCXXIX No. 2986

The SPHERE, London, June 22, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

"MAYFLOWER II" AT THE END OF HER VOYAGE—THE REPLICA OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS' SHIP IN THE HARBOUR OF PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS: Watched by crowds from the shore, she is surrounded by some of the small craft which gathered to welcome her. In left background is the historic Plymouth Rock monument at the point where the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the original *Mayflower* in 1620. *Mayflower II* made her voyage from Britain to America in fifty-three days.

Commander Villiers and his crew of modern "Pilgrims" made landfall in America along the same course as that taken by the Fathers 337 years ago. It was unfortunate that the winds off Provincetown did not allow her to make use of her sail, and she had to be towed round the sand dunes into the harbour there by a United States Coastguard cutter. But the next day a fair breeze sprang up and she was able to make the seven miles across the bay to Plymouth, her final destination, under her own sail. On the water a great flotilla of small craft had gathered to welcome her and the shores were lined with dense crowds as she proudly made her way in, flying at her masts the Red Ensign, the Stars and Stripes and the old Union Flag (the combination of the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew flown by the original Pilgrim Fathers). Overlooking her anchorage was the Plymouth Rock monument on the spot where the Fathers landed in 1620. This served as an apt reminder that *Mayflower II* is a gift from Britain to America and is intended as a symbol of what is now a perpetual friendship. (Further *Mayflower* pictures on page 438.)

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HONOURING A HERO OF THE HIMALAYA

PRESENTATION OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S PATRON'S MEDAL FOR HIMALAYAN EXPLORATION AND RESEARCH: Professor Ardito Desio (left) receives the award from General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall, President of the Royal Geographical Society, at its headquarters in Kensington Gore. Professor Desio led the Italian Alpine Club expedition to reach the 28,250-ft.-high summit of K 2, the world's second highest mountain, on July 23, 1954, after four months' desperate climbing, during which a member of the party died of pneumonia.

THE MAN WHO SPLIT THE ATOM IN 1939

PROFESSOR OTTO HAHN WITH SIR JOHN COCKCROFT (LEFT) AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN LONDON: The German Ambassador, Herr von Herwarth, gave a dinner last week for the famous German physicist who was awarded the Nobel Prize of 1944 for splitting the uranium atom. Later, during his visit, Professor Hahn received an honorary degree at Cambridge and was elected a foreign member of the Royal Society. He has said that England leads the world in the development of nuclear energy for peaceful uses.

FORMER AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR ARRIVES

DR. KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG WITH MARIA, HIS SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER: The man who was Austrian Chancellor until the German invasion of 1938 was on his way to Austria for a holiday. Dr. Schuschnigg, now a professor of international affairs at St. Louis University in America, was a political prisoner throughout the war. His attractive daughter Maria was born in one of Hitler's prison camps.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Labour's Chances.—Mr. Bevan estimated last week that if there were a General Election to-morrow, the Labour Party would have a majority of 100 to 200. I have no doubt at all, that in those circumstances Labour would gain a working majority. What will be Labour's prospects two years or so hence? That depends on a lot of imponderables. The Hydrogen-bomb Club and the arms race are excellent platform points for Mr. Bevan to-day. And if the Club is still in being and the race still being run in 1959/60, I fancy it still will be a winner, a far better vote catcher than more nationalisation. For my part, I cannot see much possibility—however brilliant the results of the present Government's policies in the next two years—of another Tory Government before 1965, if then. And the implications of that probability are rather shattering. Whoever leads a Labour Government, however competent and sound and patriotic its Cabinet, it must imply a halt to progress on one line, a long and muddling interval of "unscrambling," and a start along a new course to be learned, accepted and obeyed willingly or reluctantly. Nationalisation, insidious or bald-headed, is one implication. With these possibilities always in mind in a country whose political parties and nostrums are worlds apart, I sometimes wonder why any industrialist ventures to "pull down his barns and build greater," why any lawyer or accountant advises his clients on the means to protect (as far as possible) his property, why any stockbroker tips likely shares or securities for his investors or why any private individual takes any step whatever to plan his future beyond providing for his daily bread and cigarettes. And this I say, holding no hearty brief for Conservative policy, no besotted detestation of Socialist ideals. It is simply that individual initiative is hamstrung and abortive if there is no consistency, no sense of permanence or security, no common measure of agreement between political parties, in Governmental domestic policy.

Dawn of Humanity.—There are, I am sure, signs that civilisation is advancing, if one studies the sober Press carefully. Unfortunately, for the most part good news is not front-page news. Here, for example, is a little item of good news tucked discreetly away. In both Houses members had been questioning the appropriate Ministers on the implementation of the Commission on the export of live cattle for slaughter, and Lord Chesham, in reply to his questioners, told the House that "the Ministers concerned were agreed on the need for treating these cattle in the most humane way and reducing suffering to a minimum." He might have expressed himself differently, but at least it is good news that the Ministers concerned, if they differ sharply about most things, are at last at one on the need to reduce the victims' sufferings, while conserving the financial benefits of this disgusting traffic. No doubt, the dawn of humanity among Ministers has been long delayed. We must be grateful that the dawn has come. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Sometimes, I doubt whether Heaven takes note of them and of their fate. As, for instance, when I drive along the roads over the feathered corpses mowed down by motorists in a hurry to reach their racecourses or esplanades. Sometimes I wonder who are the cranks and busybodies and spoilsports—the humanitarian societies or the vested interests whose fun and profits are being attacked.

Cheerfulness Breaks In.—And now turn your eye on a very different picture. The *Sunday Express*, which sometimes finds causes for pessimism in the way we live now, came out for the Whitsun holidays a 100 per cent. optimist. In the Garden of England every darned thing was lovely: "At home there is peace and prosperity. Not a single major dispute holds up the vital work of producing the goods which flow out to the markets of the world in greater abundance than from any other European country. Abroad, the clouds are being blown away. Every day it becomes more obvious to the big Powers that nuclear war is unthinkable. The picture is as bright as the flowers of these lovely summers." This rosy picture, serene and cloudless, struck me very forcibly and gave me a sense of guilt. For some weeks I realise that I have been either blind or liverish. Or I have been reading newspapers which find only bad news worth printing. And all the while, prosperity, serenity, wisdom and peace have been advancing hand in hand to build in this lovely island a new Jerusalem. If the new Jerusalem has grown like some tall palm, will it remain and grow lovelier yet? Or when Parliament reassembles, will it wither and clouds obscure the sun? I write in no mood of cynicism. I am genuinely puzzled. If this rosy picture means anything at all, if it is built up on sound evidence gathered by an intelligent observer, it makes a nonsense of some of my other current comments, and supplies the proofs I have long sought that the struggle does indeed avail and the main is flooding in by creek and inlet despite the tired waves' apparently painful inch of progress. Perhaps it is so. Perhaps after all these dreadful years the good times are coming back. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.* But I shall keep this rosy picture in a drawer and take it out and look at it again a month hence. We have been disappointed and disillusioned more than once in recent years.

America Calls a Halt to Speed.—There is a significant pointer in the recent announcement that car-makers in the U.S.A. have agreed no longer to participate in car-racing. Still more significant is their decision to eliminate emphasis on speed in their advertising of cars for the road. The first decision needs no particular comment. Recent disasters in road and track racing events account for it. The second decision is of peculiar interest. American roads are in the main in a far more advanced state to cope with the appalling demands than are ours. Yet at the moment when Americans take this decision, two or three famous British firms which produce moderate-sized family cars, are newly concentrating on increased speed potentials as selling point No. 1. Now 90 m.p.h. for a family car no doubt sounds attractive to the younger buyers and I can imagine that a commercial traveller who does his 30,000 miles a year or more, would see in the increased speed offered a chance to shorten his long day's duty. But in practice? Until our new autobahnen are built, does there exist a stretch of 6 miles on end on the roads of Britain where a man can safely improve his day's average at a speed of over 80 m.p.h. or, indeed, 70? Such speed potential in safe hands is indeed a safety measure in quickly passing a slow lorry or convoy. In reckless, impatient hands, it is a real danger. Every year I travel 600 miles to the North and having at last acquired a moderately powerful car, I am thankful to find that my average speed has improved by 4 or 5 m.p.h. But it hasn't reached 45 m.p.h. or near it, though, whenever I am given a safe chance, I drive at my near limit of 65 m.p.h. I have never yet found an opportunity to stretch up to 70 m.p.h. for 3 miles on end. I wonder if the Americans have learned wisdom from bitter experience. I wonder that we are behind them in that lesson-learning.

The Arundel Castle Bill.—When we first heard of this now famous Bill, I did not anticipate more than an average amount of sniping from the Left. I supposed it would "go through" inconspicuously and with good humour. But it is not so. It has been taken up from Left and Right and there is a growing opinion

SEVENTY YEARS ON THE STAGE

EIGHTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MR. A. E. MATTHEWS CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR AS AN ACTOR: On the stage of the Cambridge Theatre, where he is playing in Gerald Savory's *A Month of Sundays*, "Mattie" was given a party to celebrate what must be one of the longest theatrical careers on record. At his request, the party was attended by all the youngest actresses now playing in the West End.

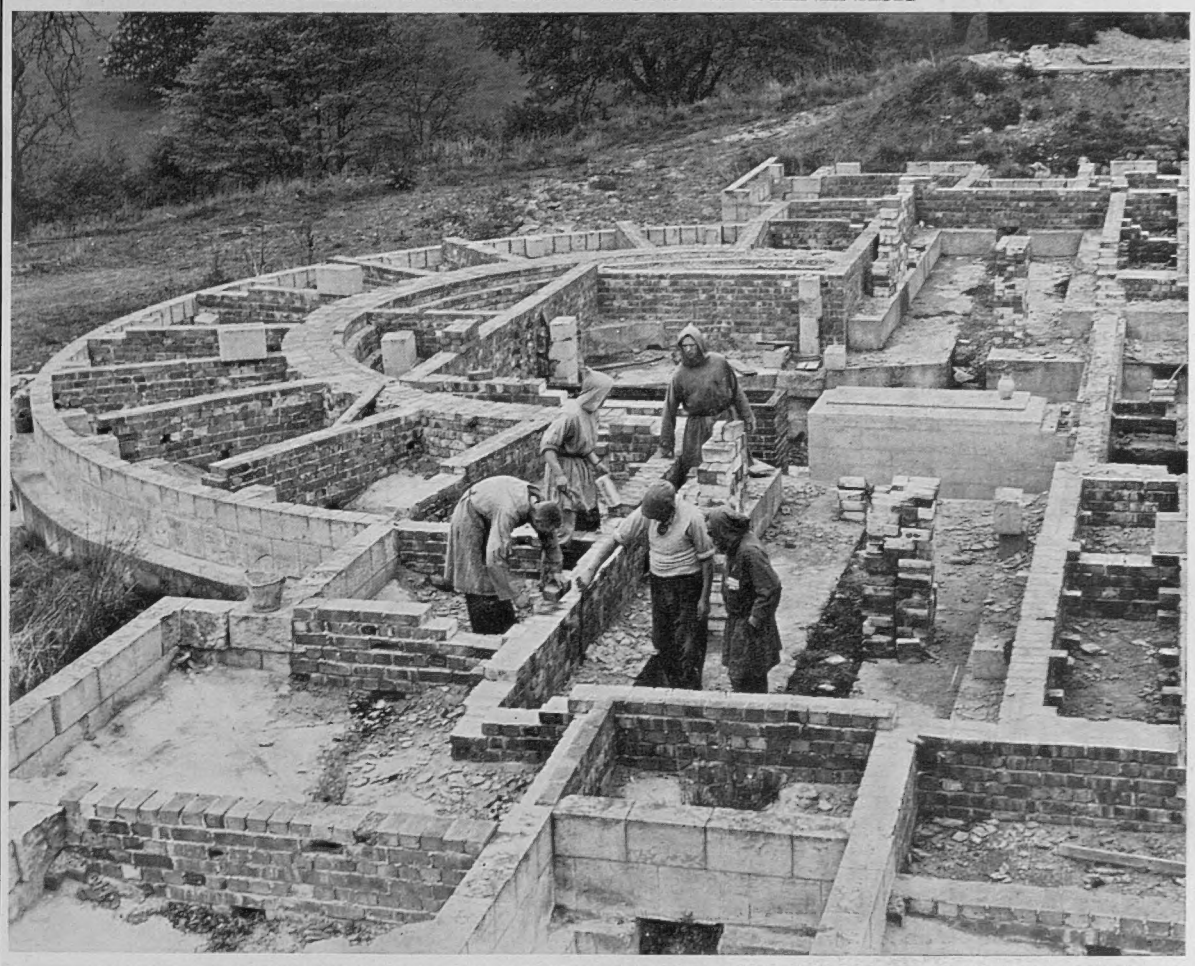
that in its present form it must not and will not pass. No one questions the rightness and fairness of the first object of the Bill, to break the entail of the seventeenth century which prevents the Duke from dealing as he desires with his own property. There is no new precedent in such an objective. But the Bill goes much further and in seeking to obtain statutory protection for the castle as an official residence for the Earl Marshal and his family and heirs, it would turn it into a "Chequers" for a private family, or alternatively, place the office of Earl Marshal on a par in importance with that of Premier. Moreover, the financial arrangements proposed would lighten the grievous burden of death duties on the castle and on half a million of Trust money. The Duke has shown himself to be a past-master in the ancient office of Earl Marshal, as indeed in many other offices more workaday. He is deserving of all and anything (which he has not already received) in rewards for good service. But, opponents of his Bill say, in reason, he must not be singled out for privileges not available to his kind or to ordinary citizens. It is obvious that the office of Earl Marshal nowadays, though picturesque, is not a constitutional necessity. An intelligent, practical Lord Chamberlain, Great Chamberlain or other high Court official could no doubt mug-up and discharge adequately the duties of Earl Marshal at a Coronation and on other ceremonial occasions. None, perhaps, would do the jobs so well as the present Duke. The office was not always hereditary. The letters patent which created it so in the seventeenth century might, I presume, be annulled, and it might well be that in the future no substitute in the Howard family might be found adequately to act as stand-by if a Duke of Norfolk were an infant or otherwise ineffective. It looks, therefore, as if the Bill will be amended. I hope it may not be withdrawn, for the bulk of it is both unobjectionable and desirable.

Subtopia Limited.—Utopia Limited could only be a play-writer's fantasy. The best we can hope for is to get Subtopia Limited: 50,000,000 people are all too many for this small island and most of them want all too much. British architects are sending out a travelling exhibition showing the horrors of bad taste which are turning this once pleasant land into a sprawling overspill of an ugly wen and urging us all to protest to preservation societies, or contact our M.P.s or write to *The Times* about it. Some of us do, with what results the mobile exhibition shows. But not many of us see anything very deplorable in Subtopia. The majority find in the "scribble of factories, airports, roads, little houses, vacant lots, shacks, service camps, dumps and scrapheaps, road signs, hoardings, cafés, lamp-standards," maimed trees, bare hedges and man-made litter, with mangled men and birds on the road, signs that a new Jerusalem is being built nearer to the heart's desire. We crave for speed of travel, we want decent trunk roads, more aerodromes; we are not museum-minded. We need more factories, up-to-date salesmanship, modern petrol stations and cinemas; we want more lights and gaiety, and the South Downs can still afford to supply them. Skyscrapers lend enchantment to our open spaces and curbed pavements and tarmac roads help our new housing estates built on mud or on dust and rubble to melt into the country scene. The preservation societies are doing their best. There are so many of them and their interests are sometimes opposed. But in impressing on the minority the urgent need to halt Subtopia by every means in its power, it is asking it to solve a mathematical problem incapable of solution. The need for more houses and trunk roads is real and urgent. The acreage of Britain is small and its population very large. 50,000,000 "won't go" into that acreage that each of these may have a little, and soon enough the man with a little house protected by a belt of trees which conceals the view of Subtopia will be the modern equivalent of the nineteenth-century great landlord. The mobile van is fighting a losing battle. Subtopia is here and is come to stay. We are all living and are doomed to live in a muddled mixture of town and country.

Tappertit.—This tapping of the telephone, this threat to freedom, this evidence of a police state, Gestapo, and what not—what about it? All the suspects have rushed to cover, crying out to the outraged public: "It wasn't me, sir." No one in authority is anxious to be suspected of being Tappertit, that "thin-faced, sleek, sharp-nosed, small-eyed, big-eared, cocky little dwarf." And more and more questions will be asked about the affair of the barrister's phone when the House meets again. How many times in the past twelve months, for instance, has this impious invasion of privacy occurred? There is a very strong suspicion among subscribers to the exchange at Auburn Porcorum that Tappertit has been busy there. How else did bazaar rumour spread so widely and so fast that the vicar's second daughter was engaged to a rubber-planter in Malaya long before the family released the news, or that the new people at the Grange were throwing a cocktail party and had ordered a dozen of champagne? It is all very terrible and shocking, of course; drives a coach-and-six through Magna Carta and the Rights of Man; but the Shock has been gentled over the years in War and Peace. It's not an entirely new outrage.

THE OLD STAGER

THE MONKS ARE BUILDING THE EXTENSIONS AT PRINKNASH

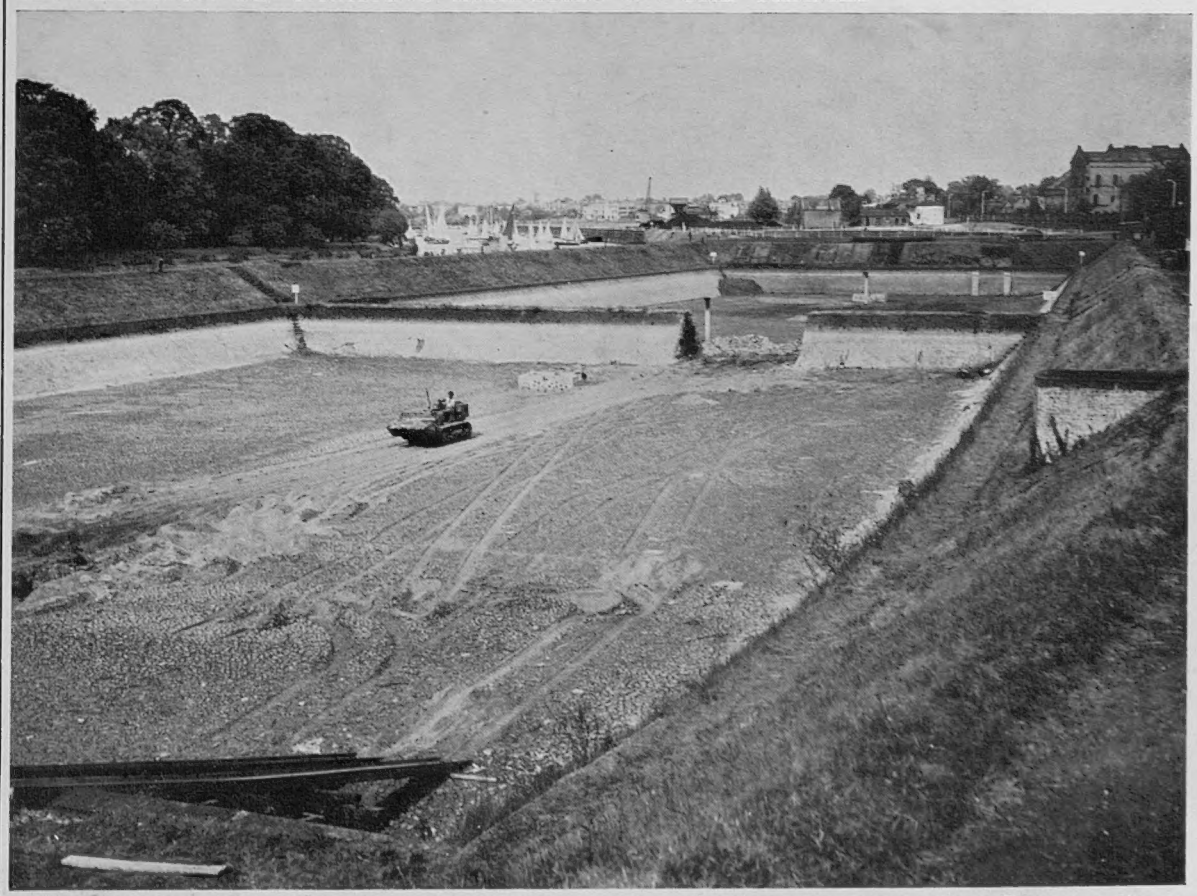


THE MONK MASONS OF PRINKNASH ABBEY, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: They are engaged in construction work on the crypt of the new Abbey church which they are building at Prinknash. The monks have been building at Prinknash since 1953 when the Benedictine Priory was raised to Abbey status. Much work is involved and they are building with a minimum of professional supervision. In addition to their other labours, they are also quarrying and carving stone in the Abbey grounds.

On left—

FETCHING AND CARRYING: The monks are seen taking part in a variety of tasks on the site of the Abbey church. In recent years the monks have been at work on the construction of the Abbey's Laity Chapel. Over one of the doorways is a statuette of Abbot Parker, the last Abbot of Gloucester.

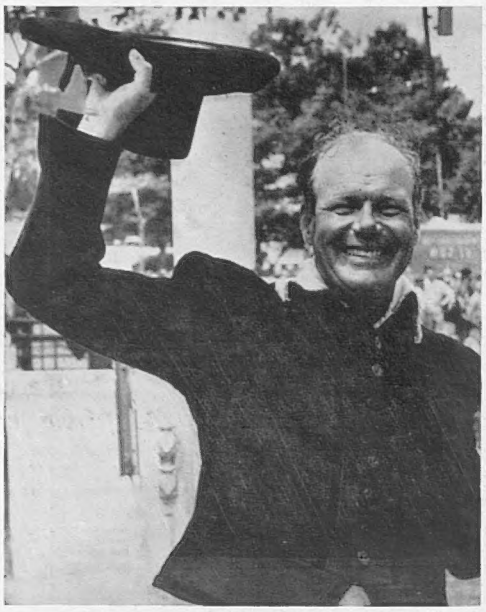
AN ADDITION TO YACHTING AMENITIES ON THE THAMES



CONSTRUCTING THE "THAMES DITTON MARINA": These two large filter-beds alongside the River Thames at Thames Ditton, in Surrey, are being converted into a yachting harbour and service station, with accommodation for more than 150 yachts. The site is about three miles upstream from Teddington Lock. Craft will enter through a wide entrance and, once inside the harbour, will be protected from the wash of river traffic and from the winds. There will be facilities for repairs as well as a chandlery store and a battery-charging service. Fuel, oil and fresh water will also be available. In the left background can be seen the sails of the Thames Yacht Club.

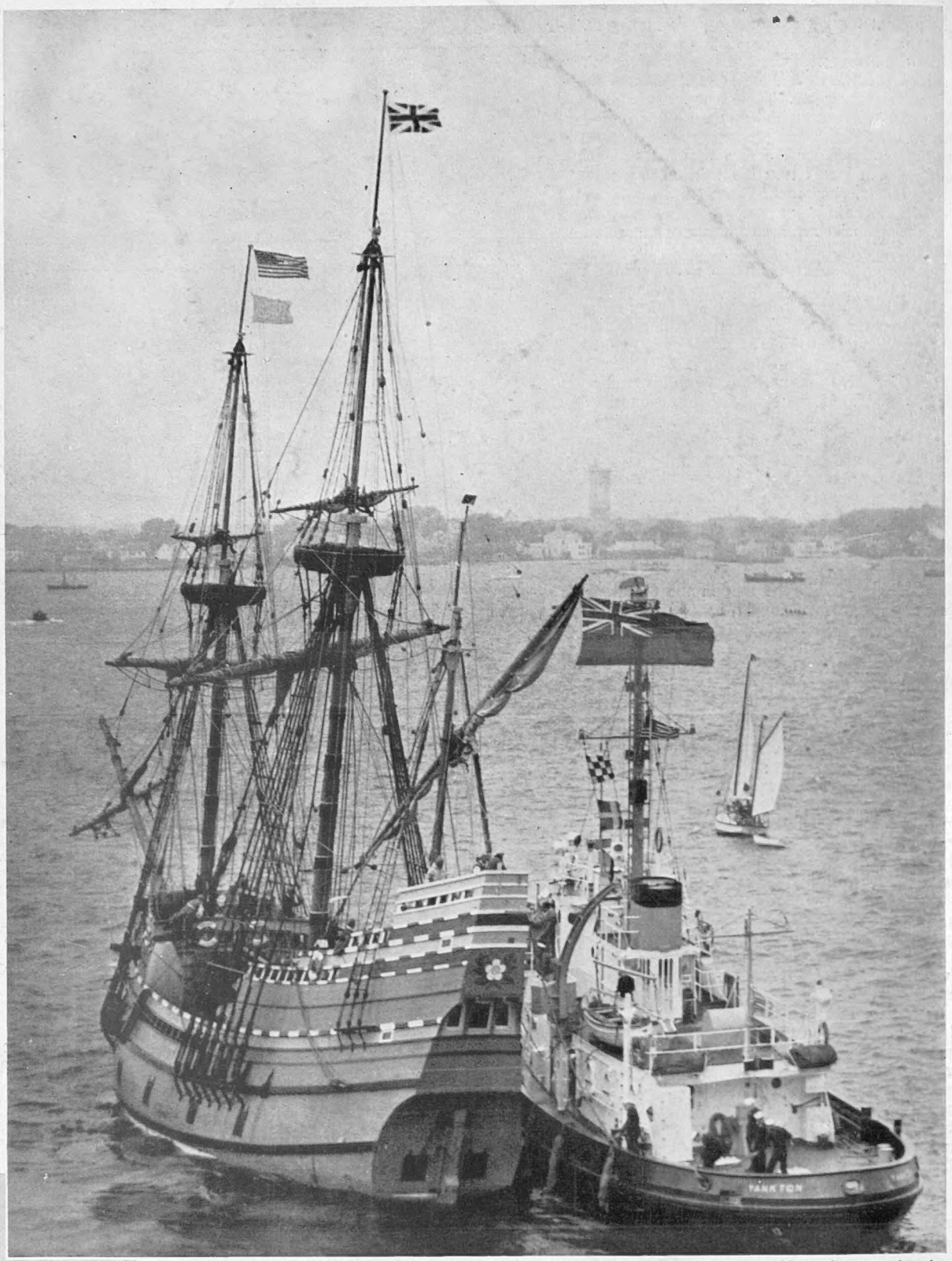
ARRIVAL OF "MAYFLOWER II"

The End of the Transatlantic Voyage of the Modern "Pilgrims"

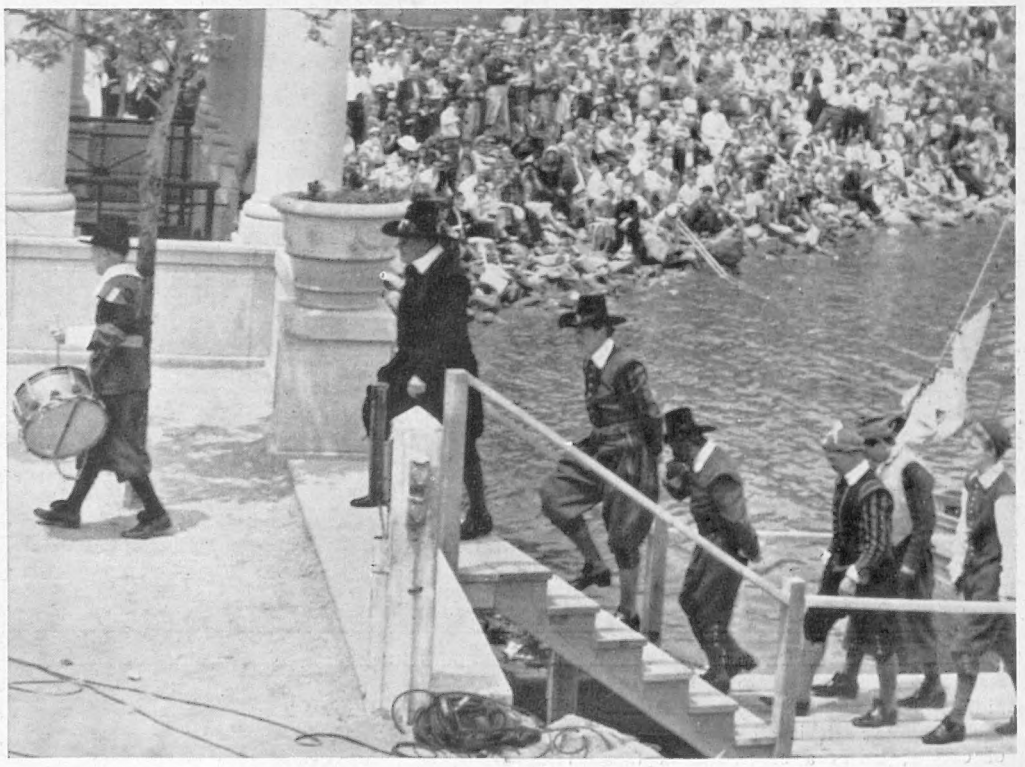


THE CHEERFUL CAPTAIN: Commander Alan Villiers, the captain of *Mayflower II*, waves to the crowd as he steps on to American soil at Plymouth, Massachusetts, at the conclusion of his transatlantic voyage. All the ship's company wore the costume of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE SHIP'S COOKS: Dick Brennan (left), assistant cook, and Chief Cook Walter Godfrey pose aboard the replica of the Pilgrim vessel.



HER FIRST ANCHORAGE OFF AMERICA: *Mayflower II* is towed into Provincetown, Massachusetts, by the American Coastguard cutter *Yankton*, because of unfavourable winds. At the masts the modern "Pilgrims" are flying Stars and Stripes, the old Union Flag and Red Ensign.

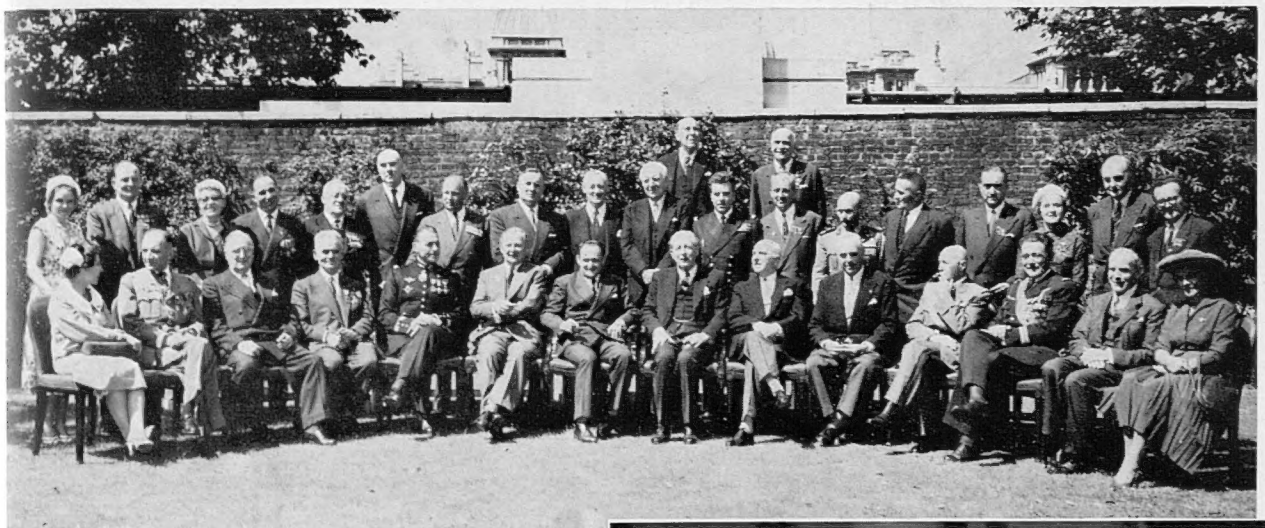


IN MODERN AND HISTORIC STYLES: *Left*—With *Mayflower II* anchored in the background, Press photographers are gathered on the rocky shore of Plymouth Harbour, Massachusetts, to record the landing of the crew. *Right*—A historic scene is re-enacted in the costume of the Pilgrim Fathers. Preceded by a drummer and followed by some of his ship's company, Commander Villiers comes ashore at the exact spot in Plymouth where the Pilgrims of 1620 landed. The colonnades behind are part of the monument containing the Plymouth Rock which marks the place of the original landing. *Mayflower II* is to have a permanent berth at Plymouth.

FRANCE'S PREMIER in LONDON and PARIS

A Free French Memorial Unveiled; the Formation of the New French Government

A PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE A HISTORIC WARTIME H.Q. IN LONDON: *Left*—Lord Selborne speaks outside No. 1, Dorset Square, Marylebone. Sitting beside him are the Queen Mother and M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the new French Prime Minister. On right, in front, are M. Jean Chauvel, the French Ambassador, Mr. Macmillan and Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador in Paris. The Queen Mother unveiled the plaque covered by flags to the memory of the wartime deeds of the Free French Forces whose S.O.E. used the house as its headquarters. *Right*—The Queen Mother walks in Dorset Square with M. Bourgès-Maunoury and Colonel Chateau-Jobert, Commander of the Regiment de Parachutistes Coloniaux. The ceremony, organised by the Special Forces Club of which Lord Selborne is President, brought to London some 200 men and women of the Resistance led by their new Prime Minister. M. Bourgès-Maunoury, trained in England to become a Resistance leader, was dropped in France and awarded the British decoration of the D.S.O. In her speech the Queen Mother referred to the members of the Special Operations Executive of the Free French Forces who waited at the Dorset Square headquarters for their final briefing before setting off for France. Of them 110 met violent death and a further twelve preferred death to capture. On the day before the unveiling ceremony the Special Forces Club held their annual dinner in London and entertained many French guests. M. Bourgès-Maunoury was unable to be present, his place being taken by another Resistance leader, M. Grandval.



AN ALLIED OCCASION: In the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, M. Bourgès-Maunoury sits in the centre of the front row flanked by Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. With them are some of the British and French guests whom Mr. Macmillan invited to luncheon at Downing Street.

TWO PRIME MINISTERS: Mr. Macmillan and M. Bourgès-Maunoury together at Downing Street. The French Prime Minister was only confirmed in office last week.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET: Outside the Elysée Palace, in Paris, back row, from left, are: Max Léjeune (Sahara); André Dulin (Ex-Servicemen); René Billéres (Education); Gerard Jacquet (Oversea France); M. Gilbert-Jules (Interior); Edouard Bonnefous (Transport), and Albert Gazier (Social Affairs). Front row, from left, André Morice (Defence); General Corniglion-Molinier (Justice); Premier Bourgès-Maunoury; President Coty; Felix Houphouet-Boigny (Minister of State); Christian Pineau (Foreign Affairs); Felix Gaillard (Finance), and Robert Lacoste (Algeria).

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

WIDESPREAD FLOODING IN THE FRENCH ALPS : A view looking down on the village of Villevielle, where flood waters have swirled around the houses following heavy rains and the melting of snow in Savoy and the Alpes Maritimes. At Modane, on the Franco-Italian border, the bridge crossing the River Arc was swept away. As flood-waters, 3 ft. deep, poured through Modane, a part of the main road was washed away. Inhabitants moved their furniture to the upper floors of the houses.

SEVERE DAMAGE BY FLOODS IN SWITZERLAND : An aerial view of the village of Taesch, near Zermatt, which had to be evacuated after flood-waters from the Taesch River had caused heavy damage. The torrent rose to the level of second-storey windows. Piles of mud, trees and stones mounted to a height of 10 ft. The floods, caused by torrential rain, have inflicted widespread damage in the Alps.

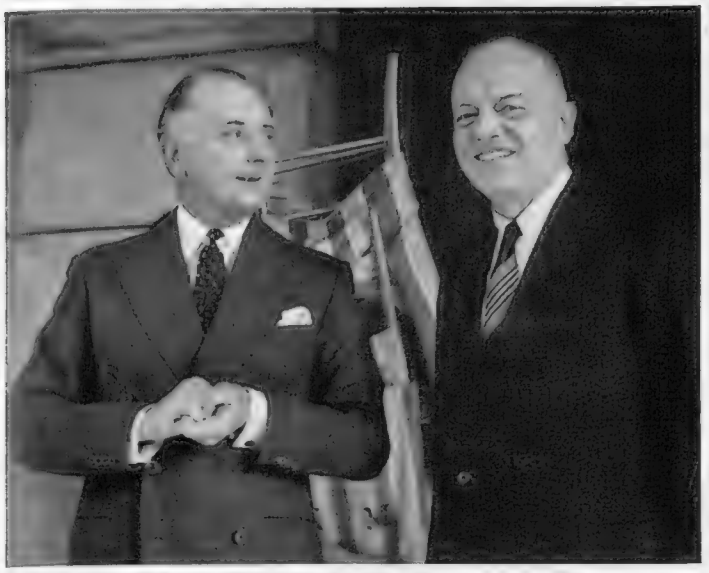
On right—

THE RIVER PO BURSTS ITS BANKS : Water rushes through the small town of Ulzio, in the Piedmont area of northern Italy, after the River Po had burst its banks following renewed rainstorms. Several valleys in the area were flooded and heavy damage was caused to property and farmland.

WATER SWAMPS THE NORTH ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE : Flood-waters in the Piedmont area cover a stretch of land at Villarfocchiardo. At one time all the rivers in north-western Italy were reported in flood.

IN FRANCE AND ITALY : *Left*—The desolate scene in the village of the well-known winter-sports resort of Val d'Isère which was isolated during the flooding. The river overflowed and the water poured through the village, wrecking three hotels and a number of houses. *Right*—This is all that remained of a steel railway bridge which crashed into the River Dora, near Turin. The river reached its highest level for many years. In Italy there has been damage to the grape, wheat and rice crops.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE IN LONDON : Commander Noble (Great Britain), left, and Mr. Stassen (U.S.) arrive for a session at Lancaster House. Great interest attached to the recent resumption by the publication last week-end of Mr. Macmillan's letter to Marshal Bulganin and the tabling of the new Russian proposals.

CANADA'S VICTORIOUS CONSERVATIVE LEADER : Mr. John Diefenbaker (left) shakes hands with the former leader of his Progressive Conservative Party, Mr. George Drew, in Ottawa. The present leader of the Conservatives, who headed the poll in the recent Canadian general election, had arrived for talks with Mr. St. Laurent, the Prime Minister and leader of the Liberals. Last Monday Mr. St. Laurent resigned as Prime Minister and Mr. Diefenbaker succeeded him.

ERDICTS POSTPONED IN THE CAIRO SPY TRIAL : Mr. Charles Pittuck (left) and Mr. John Thornton Stanley leave the dock in the court in Cairo after hearing that the verdict on them and the other British defendants had been postponed until to-day (June 22). Four Britons with a number of other defendants have been facing charges of participating in an espionage network and obtaining secret military information for Britain.

A DEMONSTRATION ON BEHALF OF PORTUGAL IN GOA : Carrying banners proclaiming "Long Live Portugal" and "Long Live Brazil," teachers and pupils from a number of schools in Goa demonstrate before the Government Secretariat. They had chosen to show their loyalty to the regime in Portuguese India during the time that the President of Portugal, General Lopez, was on his State visit to Brazil.

SENTENCED TO DEATH : Sayid Amin Mahmoud, a fifty-one-year-old Egyptian headmaster, is taken from the court after hearing sentence of death pronounced on him in the spy trial in Cairo. He was the only one of the accused upon whom judgment was not postponed. For two of the Britons the death sentence was demanded by the prosecution at the end of the hearing.

A CHINESE CREW ON STRIKE : Seated and standing in a room in the Chinatown district of Yokohama, in Japan, are some of the Chinese members of the crew of a British tanker who are reported to have been concerned in a disciplinary incident. The Chinese, numbering thirty-six altogether, are understood to come from Canton and to have been signed on the tanker in Hong Kong. When they reached Yokohama they are said to have gone ashore and to have refused to return to their ship unless the captain was changed, alleging he had ill-treated one of their number. They also made other demands.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ELECTIONS IN THE LEBANON: Mr. Sami Solh, the pro-Western Premier, casts his vote at Beirut. The result will not be known until later as the poll takes place throughout this month. It will decide a straight fight between the President and Mr. Solh's Government and the former Prime Minister, Mr. Abdullah Yafi's "National Front." Mr. Yafi and his colleague, Mr. Saab Salem, want a policy similar to President Nasser's Arab Nationalism. Last April a new electoral law provided for seats in the Chamber to be increased from 44 to 66.

ARMY PATROLS GUARD WOMEN VOTERS DURING THE POLLING IN BEIRUT FOR THE LEBANESE ELECTIONS: The day passed quietly except for one incident in which an Armenian supporter of the Government was killed.

On right—

KING SAUD AND KING HUSSEIN LUNCH AT AN OFFICERS' MESS NEAR AMMAN: The two Arab Kings had been present at Army manœuvres and watched the graduation ceremony at the Cadet School. The meeting of the Kings of Jordan and Saudi Arabia emphasised the rift in their relationship with President Nasser. A joint communiqué was issued pledging the Kings "to preserve the atmosphere of brotherly relations among the Arab States and to tighten the ties between them as a basis of true co-operation and understanding."

"DROPPING IN" FOR A GARDEN PARTY: Helicopters lie on the ground beyond one of the marquees erected at Dunsborough Park, Ripley, in Surrey, last Saturday. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesden. Mrs. Hughesden is better known as Miss Florence Desmond, the actress. They invited their guests to the garden party to come by road or by helicopter. Among those "dropping in" were Lord Brabazon and Lord Douglas of Kirtleside.

GAUGUIN'S STILL-LIFE SOLD FOR £104,000: At the Galerie Charpentier, in Paris, the Greek-born New York shipowner, Mr. Basil Goulandris (*inset left*, with his wife), paid this record price for the artist's work at the auction of French nineteenth-century paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Margaret Thompson Biddle. Mr. Goulandris was bidding against M. André Weil, the Paris art dealer, for the picture which reached a record auction-room price. Taxes will add another £25,000 to the bill. Several other French Impressionists and Post-Impressionist pictures brought very high prices.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT : M. Bourgès-Maunoury, who became Prime Minister of France last week, sits in the National Assembly in Paris before making his first declaration of policy. He received a majority of forty-six on a vote of confidence, and his Government formally took office. But by last week-end there was great speculation about whether M. Bourgès-Maunoury would be able to remain in power.

RIOTS AND BLOODSHED IN ALGERIA : Demonstrators break through a cordon of police in the Casbah district of Algiers during a violent outburst of feeling by Europeans. French youths seeking vengeance for the bomb outrages of June 16, when eight Europeans died, started riots on the day of the funeral of the victims. Five Muslims and a French woman were killed and seventeen Muslims injured. Mobs went round shops and banks forcing them to close and the police used tear-gas against the rioters. Some 200 youths were arrested. After taxation, the Algerian problem is the biggest which faces any French Government to-day.

THE RIFT IN THE ARAB WORLD : *Left*—Lieut.-Colonel Fouad Hilal (carrying brief-case), the Egyptian Military Attaché in Amman, arrives at Cairo Airport. He had been expelled by the Jordanian Government, which alleged that he had been plotting to assassinate members of the Jordanian Royal Family and Government. *Right*—Mr. Abdel Rifai, the Jordanian Ambassador in Cairo, holds his son's hand as he walks across the airport at Cairo to fly to Amman. Immediately after the expulsion of Colonel Hilal, the Egyptian Government had asked Jordan to withdraw Mr. Rifai from his diplomatic post within twenty-four hours.

PERONISTS DEMONSTRATE IN BUENOS AIRES : Against a background of tear-gas, police make arrests in a street in the capital of the Argentine. They were taking this action after a "silent march" had been organised by Peronists in memory of those who had died for their cause. There were many clashes with the police and fifty arrests were made.

THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL IN BRAZIL : General Craveiro Lopez, the President of Portugal, stands up in his car as he drives through Rio de Janeiro on his arrival for his State visit to Brazil. *On right*—The street and the balconies and windows of buildings are packed with enthusiastic spectators as President Lopez makes his way through the capital of Brazil. The two countries have a close historical association and General Lopez's visit will undoubtedly strengthen the mutual sympathy and interests of Portugal and Brazil.

PROTESTS AGAINST APARTHEID

Demonstrations by Universities in South Africa

As a result of the South African Government's proposal for a University Apartheid Bill, there has been a number of large-scale demonstrations of protest by the staffs and students of universities in many parts of the Union. The Bill would enable the Minister of Native Affairs to establish university colleges to which only Africans would be admitted. Similarly, the Minister of Education would set up colleges for non-white students other than Africans. In other words, higher education would follow the familiar pattern of Apartheid and the various races would be separated.

One of the strongest centres of resistance to such a plan has been Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg. As soon as the terms of the Bill became known, students held meetings at which overwhelming majorities voted against racial discrimination and distributed thousands of pamphlets on the subject. Among the teaching staff no less a person than the Vice-Chancellor and Principal, Professor W. Sutton, voiced opposition to Apartheid in the universities.

At the end of last month a joint academic protest was organised and staff and students marched in procession to the City Hall, led by a banner with the words "Against the Separate Universities Bill." In the vanguard were grey-haired professors, followed by men and women lecturers, and graduates. All wore full academic dress of robes or gowns and hoods. Then came some 2,000 students. Also in the procession were representatives of Cape Town, Natal and other universities.

From the steps of the City Hall Professor I. D. MacCrone, Head of the Department of Psychology, and a member of Witwatersrand University Council, addressed a vast crowd estimated to number nearly 50,000. He said: "We are assembled here in public to present a united and uncompromising academic front against a Bill which proposes to change the whole character of the University by enforcing Apartheid upon us. We will obey the law when it becomes law, but we will never accept it."

The demonstration in Johannesburg was perhaps the largest against the University Separation Bill, but it has been by no means the only one. At Cape Town over 1,800 students attended a mass meeting at which they heard a Professor of Law declare that "without freedom the universities could become agents for propaganda for a political party." At Durban undergraduates stayed away from lectures and picketed the entrance to the university and the surrounding streets, carrying banners and posters of protest. Meetings have also been held at such places as Pietermaritzburg and at Grahamstown at Rhodes University.

UNIVERSITIES PROTEST: Members of the staff of Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, applaud Professor I. D. MacCrone, of the Psychology Department, for his speech protesting against the South African Government's University Apartheid Bill. *On right, below*—In Durban at the University of Natal, white and coloured students picket the entrance.

Those protesting in South Africa have received sympathy and encouragement in their stand from many parts of the world. In Britain both teachers and students in numerous universities have expressed their support for those opposing the Union Government's Universities Bill. There seem, however, at the moment few signs of Mr. Strydom, the South African Prime Minister, and his colleagues in his Cabinet, moderating their general policies of Apartheid.

One of the most recent Government statements has been an attack on the outside world for interference in Union domestic affairs. In a speech in the House of Assembly in Cape Town, Mr. Eric Louw, the Minister for External Affairs, dealt at length with his country's partial withdrawal from the United Nations which, he implied, was coming under the influence of the Bandung and Communist groups and "took no notice" when the South African case was presented. He declared that the great majority of South Africans, whatever their political affiliations, were united in making a stand against United Nations attempts to interfere in domestic affairs.

Mr. Louw then turned his attention to visits to Africa during the past year by Vice-President Nixon of America and by various United States Congressional missions. The inquiries they had made and the reports they had submitted on returning home were, according to Mr. Louw, also an interference in South African political issues. He felt it was justifiable to ask whether American interest in Africa was "purely humanistic" or "motivated by less altruistic ideas."

BISHOP AND AUTHOR: Dr. Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg, and Mr. Alan Paton, author of *Cry, The Beloved Country*, talk before the demonstration there.

A MASS DEMONSTRATION: Students of many races march to the protest meeting which was held outside the City Hall in Johannesburg. *On right*—Some of the vast crowd of 50,000 listen to the speeches.

A SOVIET VISIT TO FINLAND

Khrushchev and Bulganin Gained Little from their Visit to their Neighbour

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev opened their touring season for this year with a trip to Finland. Naturally, they were received with all due formality and banqueted and taken round the country. They also had a series of discussions with the leading Finnish politicians. But it would have been too much to have expected the Finns to show any great enthusiasm for their distinguished visitors.

Finland's geographical position as a small and independent-minded neighbour of the Soviet Union was ample reason for that. It is doubtful whether anyone really hoped to obtain anything important from the visit. The Finns had little anticipation of regaining some of their territory seized by Russia. Possibly the Soviet delegation had plans for obtaining Finnish support for the Kremlin's disarmament and other policies. If so, they were unsuccessful. Finland was non-committal on all points of significance. The most practical result was probably an extension to the trade agreements by which commerce between the two countries is to be increased.

THE START OF A BANQUET: From the right at the table are Mr. Sukselainen, the Finnish Prime Minister; Mr. Khrushchev; Dr. Kekkonen, the President of Finland; and Marshal Bulganin. The occasion was a banquet in the Presidential Palace in Helsinki during the recent visit of the two Soviet leaders to Finland. On the last day a statement on Russo-Finnish relations was issued over the signatures of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Sukselainen.

"GOOD HEALTH!": Prime Minister Sukselainen, Mr. Khrushchev and President Kekkonen raise their glasses, but Marshal Bulganin remains intent on his soup. The drinking of toasts is a custom much enjoyed by Russians.

A TOAST BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS: Marshal Bulganin leans across the table to drink a toast with Mr. Fagerholm, Speaker of the Finnish Parliament, during the banquet. The Soviet guests spent six days with their neighbour.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS: From the left are Mr. Lebedev, Soviet Ambassador to Finland; Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister; Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin. The prevailing mood appears to be affable as members of the Soviet delegation sit down to face the Finnish political leaders across the table during one of the discussions in Helsinki.

ALL SMILES: Mr. Gromyko and the two Soviet chiefs are in high humour. But according to the statement issued after the Russo-Finnish talks, Finland gave little firm support for Soviet policies. The most practical outcome was a trade agreement to increase mutual trade by 100,000,000 roubles.

News of the Air

FLYING FARMERS

And the U.S. Air Force Tests a Ramjet Missile

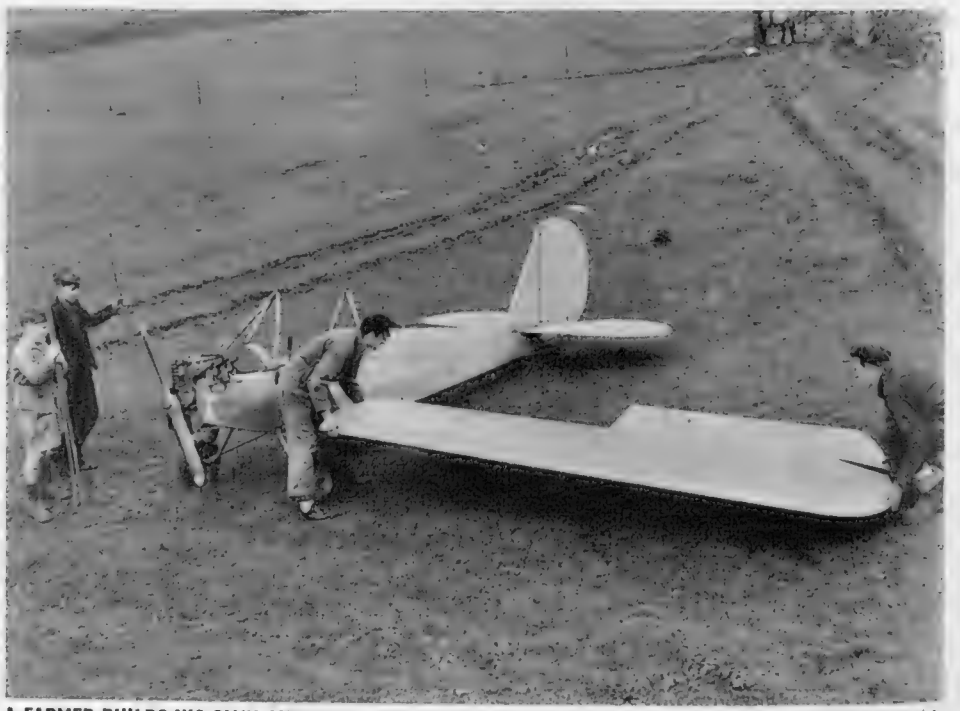
On right—

DIVE-BOMBING THE PESTS: In the mountainous country near Girardot, in Colombia, a light aircraft dives down a steep slope spraying powder to kill insects and weeds. The "flying fumigator" is piloted by Dave Bump, of Syracuse, New York. He has been crop-dusting in his small plane in this area of South America for over four years.

Below—

SKIMMING OVER THE COTTON CROPS: Dave Bump's light aircraft is a matter of inches above the cotton plants as it skims over a field near Girardot. This system of fighting against insect and plant pests which the American aviator is employing is of great benefit to the farmers of this part of Colombia, as it is often inaccessible to mechanised equipment on the ground.

A RAMJET TEST MISSILE: A B.29 bomber of the U.S. Air Force has just released from one of its wings a Lockheed X-7 ramjet test missile. Smoke is sent out by the bomber to simplify the task of tracking the course of plane and missile from the ground. The Lockheed X-7 is used to test ramjet and rocket engines at high altitudes. Its power plant is slung under the rear fuselage and its configuration is on the lines of the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter combat aircraft.



A FARMER BUILDS HIS OWN AIRCRAFT: Mr. James Smith (centre), a farmer of Scalloway, in Shetland, is helped in fixing a wing to the fuselage of the aeroplane he is constructing for himself. The two boys on the left are ready with the struts. *On left*—The fuselage is so light Mr. Smith can wheel it himself. He is making his own aircraft so that he can visit his farms on the islands and on the mainland. With a span of 25 ft. and weighing only 50 lb., it has a modified Austin Seven engine and will fly at between 60 and 70 m.p.h. It is costing about £100 to build.

ON THE PALACE BALCONY: The Queen and other members of the Royal Family wave to the crowds below after the annual ceremony of Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. On the Queen's left are Princess Alexandra, Princess Anne, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Philip, and Prince Charles. In her tricorne hat the Queen has the plume and diamond badge of the Irish Guards, whose 1st Battalion trooped their colour.

TROOPING THE COLOUR

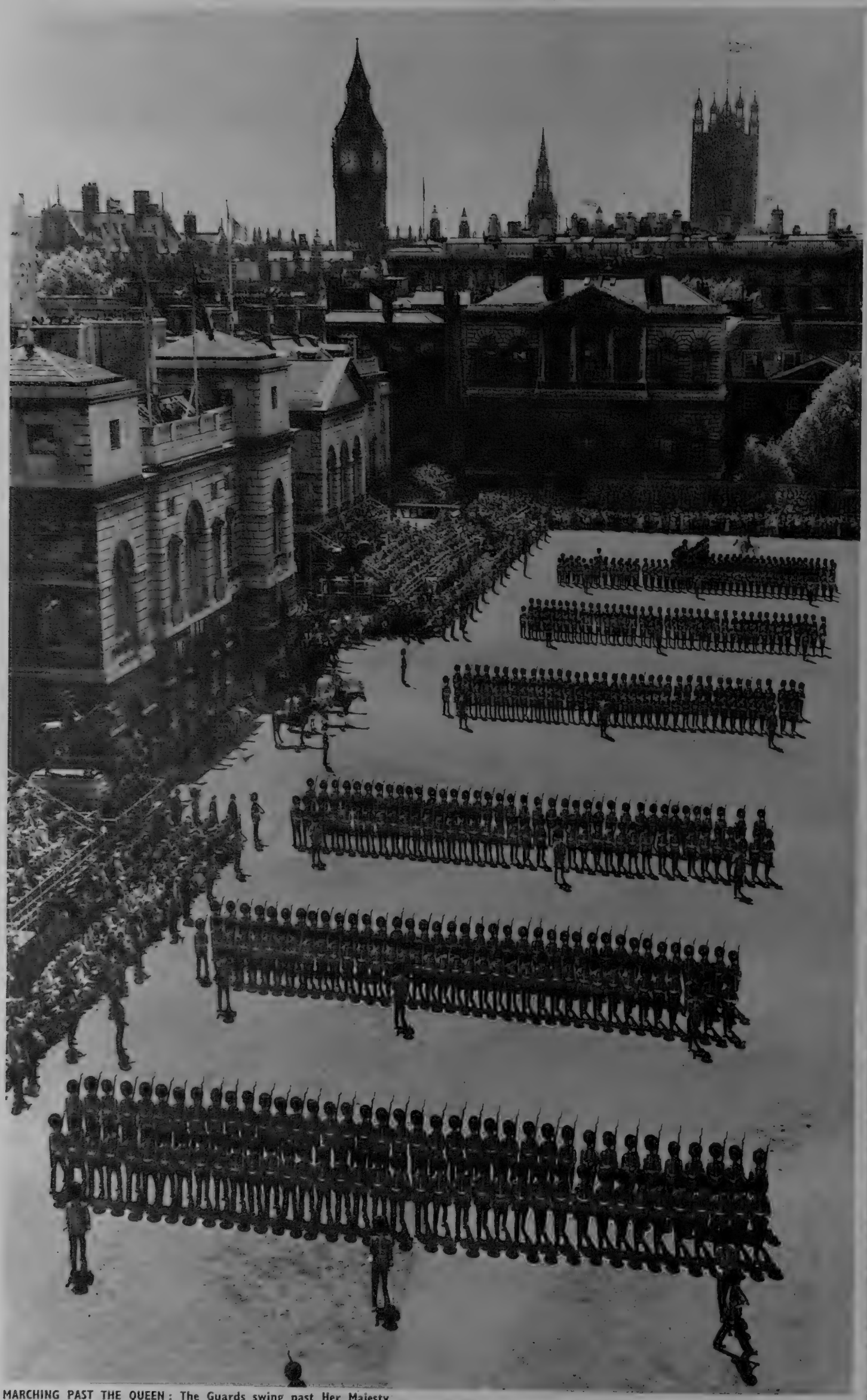
The Annual Ceremony on the Queen's Official Birthday Takes Place in Brilliant Sunshine

The brilliant and colourful ceremony of Trooping the Colour at the Queen's Birthday Parade of the Brigade of Guards was watched by thousands of people who gathered in the bright sunshine along the Mall and around the four sides of the Horse Guards Parade. The Colour being trooped this year was that of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, who were performing the ceremony for the first time for more than twenty years. They were joined on parade by two guards, each formed by the Grenadier, Welsh and Scots. The first signal of the approaching presence of the Sovereign came shortly before eleven o'clock when the ranks on the Horse Guards opened to allow the passage of the carriage carrying the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the two Royal children who were on their way to watch the ceremony from a balcony. Shortly afterwards the Queen and the Royal Dukes, accompanied by officers, made their way from the Palace to the Horse Guards, where Her Majesty was received with a Royal salute.

When the Queen's inspection had finished the order was given to "Troop," and the elaborate ritual of the ceremony was carried out with fine precision. Then followed the march-past in slow and quick time with the Queen taking the salute. At the conclusion Her Majesty took up position at the head of the Queen's Guard and led the procession back to Buckingham Palace to take the salute from the forecourt. Later, from the balcony of the Palace the members of the Royal Family watched as nine Valiants flew overhead in a final salute from the Royal Air Force.

On left—

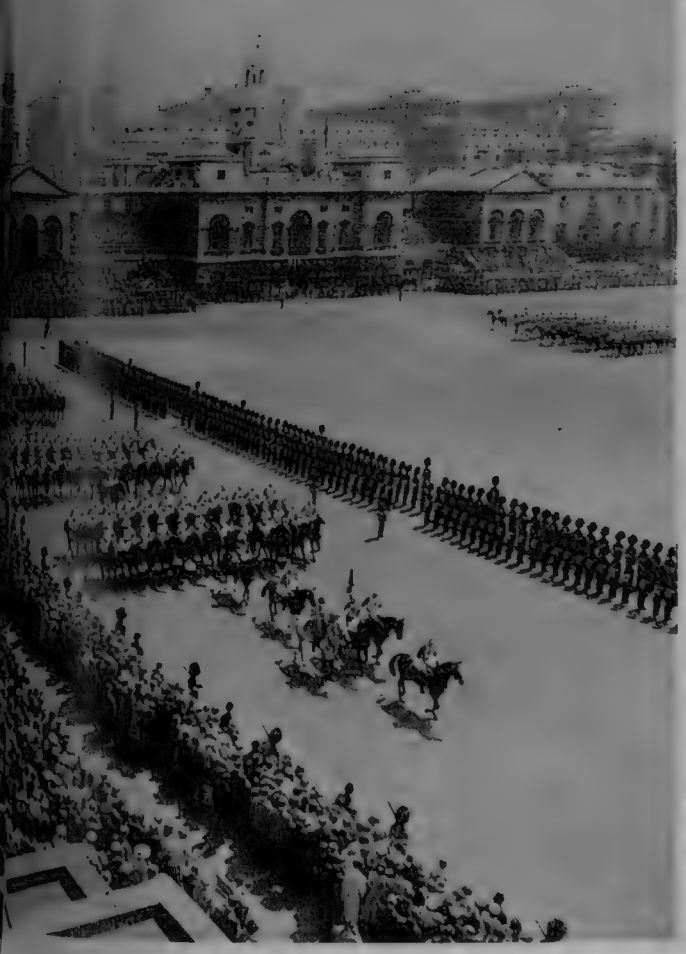
THE QUEEN RIDES OUT FROM THE PALACE: Her Majesty, on the Metropolitan Police horse Imperial, leaves for the Horse Guards Parade. She is accompanied by Prince Philip (left), Colonel, Welsh Guards, and the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel, Scots Guards.

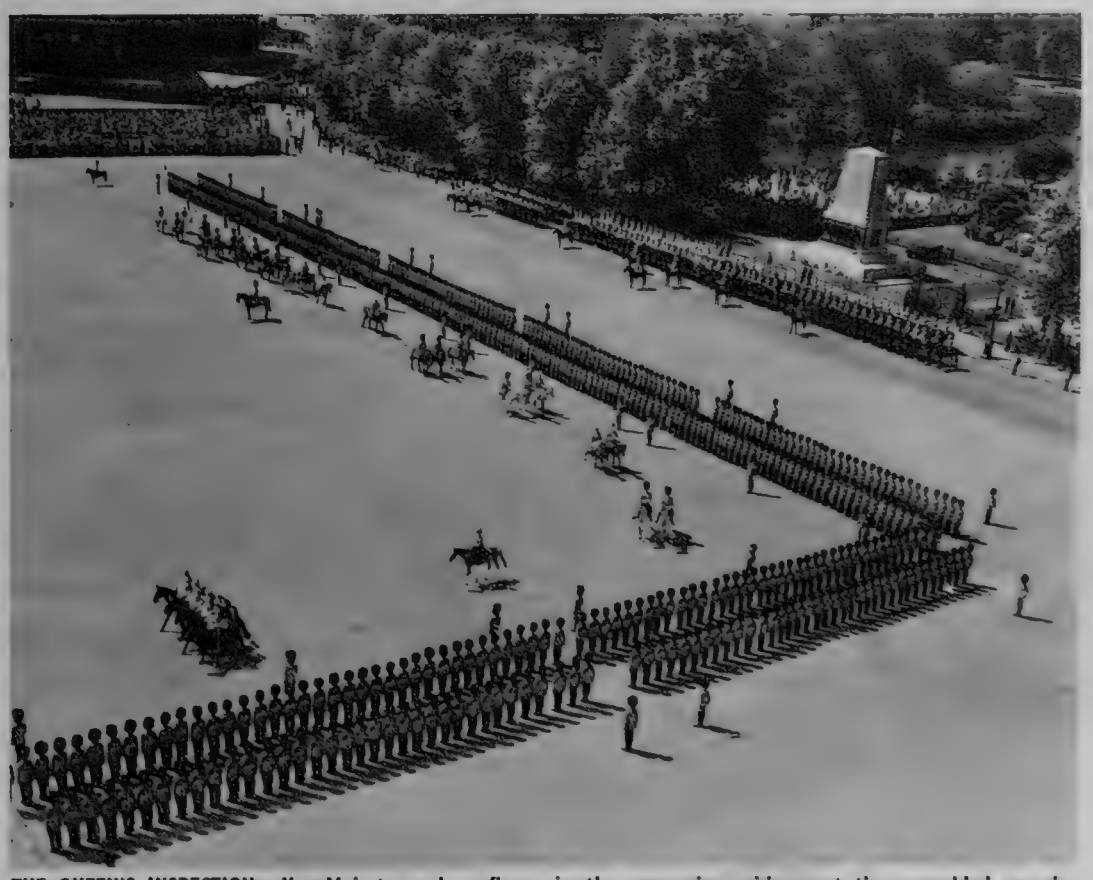


MARCHING PAST THE QUEEN: The Guards swing past Her Majesty, who is seen on her horse, Imperial, a pace or two in front of the Royal Dukes. In accordance with tradition, the march-past of the Guards in column was performed in both slow and quick time. After this part of the ceremony the parade was re-formed and the Queen led the Guards back to Buckingham Palace. Among the spectators on the Horse Guards Parade were members of the Diplomatic Corps. At the end of the proceedings Royal salutes in honour of the Queen's official birthday were fired from Hyde Park and the Tower of London.

CEREMONIAL ON THE HORSE GUARDS

PREPARING TO TROOP THE COLOUR OF THE 1ST BATTALION, IRISH GUARDS : The Colour Party and Escort are seen towards the left of the band as they prepare to march past the guards in slow time. As the Colour, held high by the Ensign, is trooped, the guards stand with arms at the present.





THE QUEEN'S INSPECTION : Her Majesty, a lone figure in the procession, rides past the assembled guards. She is wearing a blue riding skirt and scarlet tunic and the familiar tricorne hat. *On left*—Horse Guards ride in formation between the lines of guards and spectators after marching past the Queen.

THE WARSHIPS ASSEMBLE AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, FOR THE INTERNATIONAL NAVAL REVIEW IN HAMPTON ROADS: The two aircraft-carriers in the left background of the picture, taken at the Norfolk Naval Station, are H.M.S. *Ark Royal* and the U.S.S. *Saratoga*. In the foreground, from left to right, are the United States destroyers *Hugh Purvis* and *Gainard*; Britain's "Daring" class Fleet Escorts *Diamond* and *Duchess*; Spain's four-masted training schooner *Juan Sebastian de Elcano*; the U.S. Seaplane Tender *Duxbury Bay*; Peru's frigate *Aguirre* and the U.S. High Speed Transport *Burdo*.

WARSHIPS MEET AT NORFOLK

Ships of Eighteen Nations Take Part in the Biggest Naval Review in the History of the United States

The International Naval Review in Hampton Roads, off Norfolk, Virginia, last week, formed part of the celebrations of the Jamestown Festival which commemorates the 350th anniversary of the first permanent British settlement in America. Eighteen nations were represented at the review, which consisted of more than 100 warships. The contingent from Britain was led by the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal* with the two Fleet Escorts *Duchess* and *Diamond*. The warships assembled at Norfolk, then, dressed overall, steamed to Hampton Roads, where they formed up into two long columns stretching for about 14 miles. It was the largest international naval review ever to assemble in American waters. The chief Reviewing Officer was Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Defence, who was on board the U.S.S. *Canberra*, a guided-missile cruiser. As the ship, accompanied by the U.S.S. *Boston*, another guided-missile vessel, and the Tactical Command ship, *Northampton*, steamed past the vast assembly, cheers rang out from the ships' companies.

On right—

AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS OF TWO NATIONS: From the left are U.S.S. *Saratoga*, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* and U.S.S. *Valley Forge*. All the ships in harbour are dressed overall.

THE PAGEANT OF GUILDFORD

The Surrey Borough Celebrates the 700th Anniversary of its Charter

NEXT Thursday (June 27) Guildford will add another memorable date to its long history, for the Queen and Prince Philip are to attend a gala performance of the Pageant in Shalford Park, which is part of the celebrations of the 700th anniversary of the borough.

It was in 1257 that King Henry III granted the town in Surrey its first Charter. The Pageant, which starts next Wednesday, June 26, and finishes on July 6, illustrates the seven centuries of the borough's history. The episodes are built on a variety of famous events connected with the town or based on stories concerned with some of its historic buildings. From the Middle Ages until to-day Guildford graphically presents a varied but by no means untypical sample of the history of England.

But, in fact, Guildford was an established and important community long before the end of the thirteenth century. Legend identifies it with the "Astolat" of King Arthur, Malory having declared "that it is Gilford." Unfortunately there is no more archæological evidence for this than there is historical support for the existence of King Arthur.

There probably was a Saxon settlement somewhere about this point of the River Wey. Certainly Guildford existed as a place of some size by 900, for it was bequeathed in the Will of Alfred the Great to his nephew Ethelwold. In Quarry Street the conspicuous tower of St. Mary's Church is a striking piece of Saxon architecture, probably belonging to the reign of King Edward the Confessor. By the end of the tenth century Guildford was one of the two seats of the Royal Mint.

Near St. Mary's are the ruins of the castle which must almost certainly have been in existence in the time of William the Conqueror. From the Conquest, the record of Guildford has been often violent, sometimes peaceful, but rarely dull. The Pageant, which takes the seven centuries from its incorporation as a borough, provides ample evidence of this.

HIGH STREET IN GUILDFORD: The famous John Aylward clock projects from the late-seventeenth-century front of the Guildhall. Looking down the slope the upper parts of many of the buildings are Georgian, Jacobean or even Tudor. Beyond rises Guildown. The Surrey town this year is celebrating its 700th anniversary as a borough. A Pageant of its history opens next week on June 26.

One of the attractions of Guildford, as with so many English towns, is that it offers something of interest for more or less everybody—the historian, the architect, the amateur of literature or art, the sportsman, the man whose bent is for modern industry, the visitor whose delight is in walking over grand and lofty country. Added to which the district makes an excellent home, within comparatively easy reach of London.

The architect who walks up the steep slope of the High Street will find on both sides almost an embarrassment of riches. Above cafés, shops and multiple stores is a profusion of Georgian, Jacobean and even Tudor survival. Half-way up the street is the Guildhall, one of the best-known monuments in Surrey. Its late-seventeenth-century exterior conceals an interior dating from at least a hundred years earlier. To-day no municipal business is transacted in the Guildhall, but its Courts are still used for the various legal sessions. Continuing along High Street there is Abbot's Hospital—still an almshouse for old people as Archbishop Abbot, its founder, intended in 1619—and the Royal Grammar School, with buildings begun in 1557.

But the High Street is only the beginning of a journey which will yield an abundance of architectural treasures from pre-Norman times to the present day. On high ground outside the town is the new cathedral, designed by Sir Edward Maufe and now well on the way to completion.

The student of literature will probably first look for the Crown Inn in which Dickens stayed. Its site is remembered in the High Street by a plaque on the present building of the National Provincial Bank. Next he will perhaps visit the cemetery where Lewis Carroll is buried.

The artist will undoubtedly seek for the original background of Turner's "St. Catherine's Fair." He will also recall to mind the numerous pictorial representations in a variety of styles which illustrate one of the major episodes in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. For, rightly or wrongly, the origin of "Vanity Fair" is traditionally associated with one of the old fairs of Guildford held at Shalford. Of course, if the artist is concerned with sketching or painting the present, he will find such a plenitude of subjects in the town and around it that he will probably have no time to consider the past.

Guildford has contributed much to the development of cricket. A record of a local lawsuit indicates that "crekett" was played on a piece of land as early as 1540—one of the first known documentary references to the game. By the end of the eighteenth century matches were being regularly played, and it is believed that the immortal "Lumpy" Stevens bowled through the, then, regular two stumps on several occasions at Guildford, thus paving the way for the great reform of the introduction of three stumps. Even if, by chance, the visitor is not especially interested in cricket, he will find much else to delight him: fishing or boating on the River Wey (enjoyed for countless generations), or tennis or golf on the more recent courts and courses.

A number of light industries are firmly established, which is not surprising when one considers the town's excellent situation for communication by rail or road. Engineering and tools and heating equipment have employed much labour for over fifty years. Newcomers include plastics and concrete.

But best of all perhaps one should discover Guildford and its environs on foot. For having absorbed the town, the surrounding countryside yields its beauty, in villages, in the Hog's Back and other hills, in the valley of the Wey, in isolated and picturesque houses. It is probably at this point that one decides one would like to make one's own home there.

JOHN AYLWARD'S CLOCK: In the Pageant of Guildford at Shalford Park, John Aylward brings his famous clock to the borough. Tradition has it that the seventeenth-century clockmaker, refused permission to trade in Guildford, presented a clock to the Corporation who hung it outside the Guildhall and gave him the town's Freedom.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CRICKET MATCH: The artist's impression is of the episode in the Pageant of a game of cricket at Guildford Basin in 1777. The batsman has a curved bat. At square leg, the umpire, according to custom, wears a tricorn hat and cut-away coat. In the background the scorer notches the runs on his stick. Guildford has many historic associations with cricket.

The selection of scenes for a historical pageant demands a nice balance between exactitude and imagination. Too much loyalty to dates and records and the display degenerates into academic dreariness. Too little attention to fact transforms the spectacle into a fantasy.

In the Pageant of 700 years of Guildford as a borough, Mr. Christopher Ede, its producer, has most commendably avoided these two pitfalls. There are times when the imagination is in the ascendant, as, for instance, in the episode in which John Aylward presents his clock to the municipality. But no one is going to condemn this presentation, for everyone in Guildford refers to the clock outside the Guildhall as Aylward's, even though experts maintain that it was probably made a century before 1683. Against this can be set the numerous occasions on which the spectator is delighted by the careful contemporary details of scene and costume in a very differing range of events and incidents in the days of York and Lancaster, the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Hanoverians and the Victorians.

The drawings on these pages show only five of the twenty episodes or scenes which comprise the whole pageant. Beginning with an introduction in which a ferryman brings travellers along the Pilgrims' Way to Guildford, we see the borough given its Charter by Henry II at his local Royal palace, pass on to wars, funerals and the foundations of religious establishments, to Henry VII and the Second Charter. Then more monarchs, masques, murder and civil war to cricket and the beginnings of the railway age. Finally, the demands for popular representation in the latter half of the nineteenth century are succeeded by the achievement of democracy in the twentieth century. It is a most satisfying and random sample of the history of not only an English borough but of England itself.

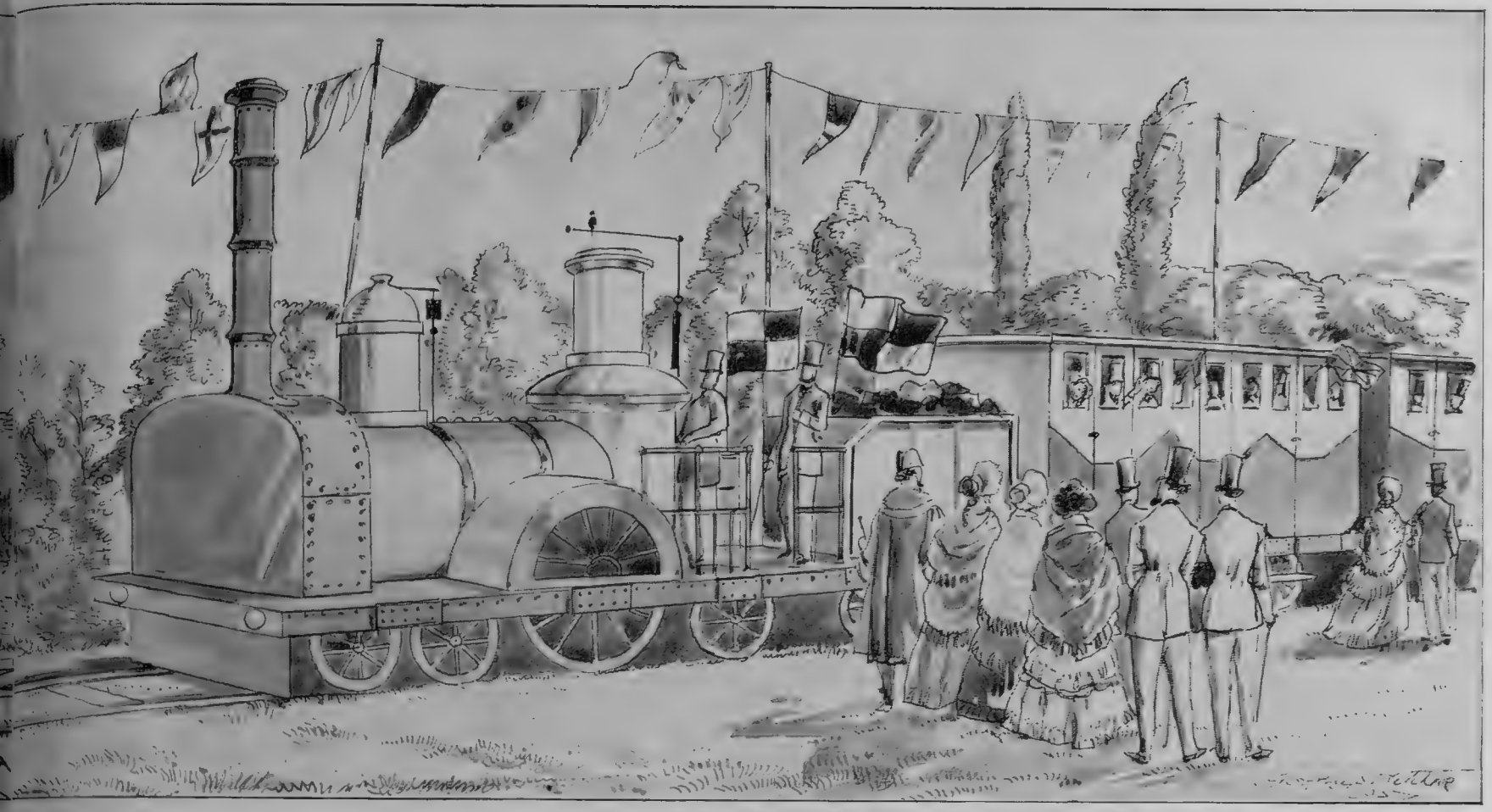
Below—

AT THE FAIR IN 1500: The date has been chosen because it was a few years after the Second Charter was granted to Guildford by Henry VII. The First Charter was given in 1257, which makes 1957 the 700th anniversary of the borough. By the late fifteenth century there were probably five annual fairs in and around Guildford.

Some 1,000 performers take part under the direction of Mr. Ede. Among them are men of the Queen's Royal Regiment and women of the W.R.A.C. (both of which have their depots in Guildford); dancers from local dancing schools; members of Guildford Repertory Theatre; and of the Guildford Municipal Orchestra.

One of the strongest impressions received from the scenes is of Guildford as a centre of its contemporary society through all the ages. Seven hundred years ago it was already an important market, and by the times of the Tudors it had five fairs within and around its boundaries every year. In the sixteenth century it founded a still flourishing Grammar School, was, of course, visited by Queen Elizabeth, and was a mustering ground for those preparing to repel the Armada. Under the Stuarts it was actively engaged in the Civil War and, in 1685, gave lodging to Monmouth after Sedgemoor. In the next two centuries life may have been quieter, but by 1850 Guildford Junction was growing in importance on the railways. From that time dates the beginning of modern Guildford which blends the industry of to-day into its historic architecture.

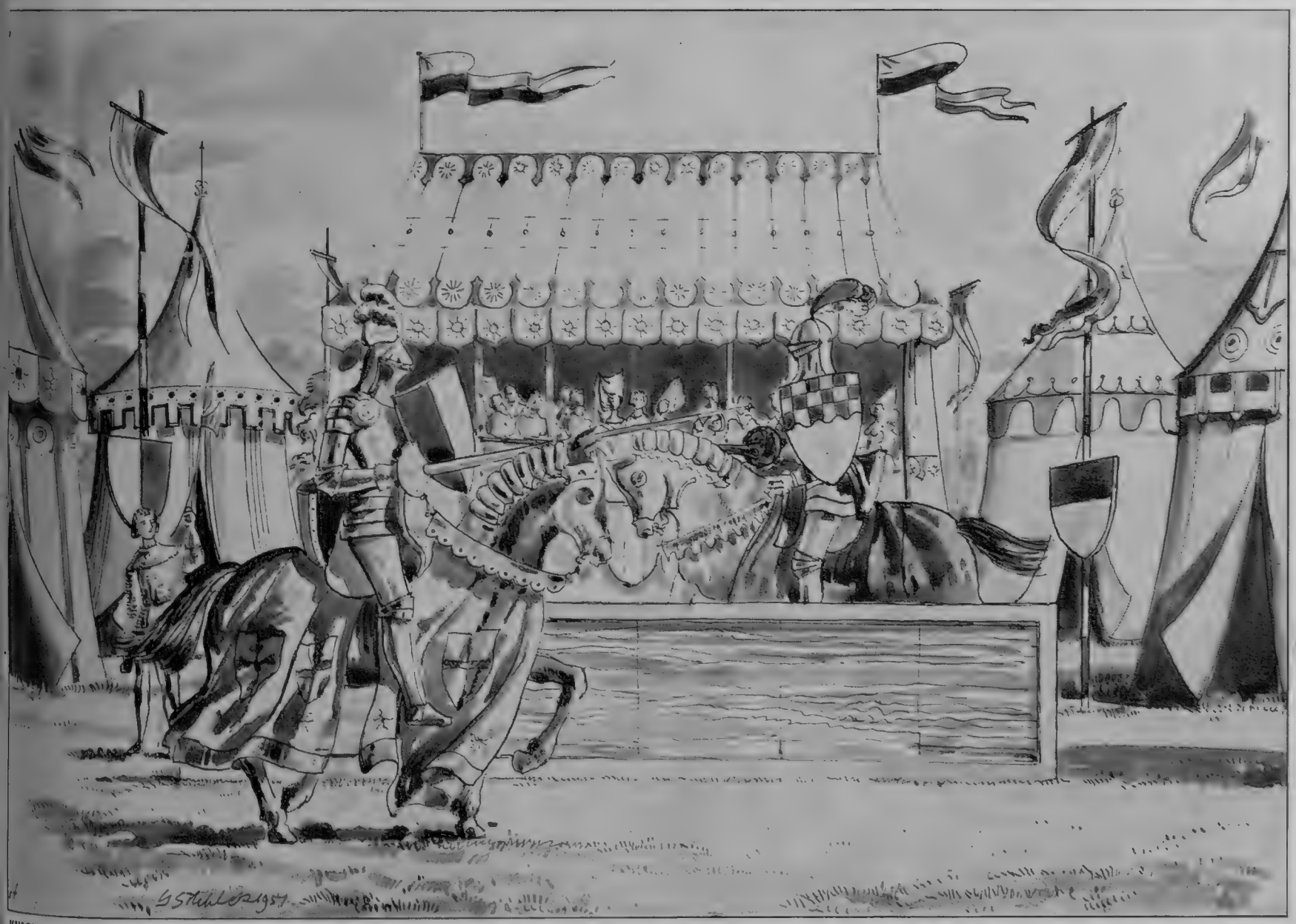
And as scene succeeds scene always in the background high above Stag Hill is the outline of the new cathedral. There, Guildford is building a symbol of its faith in the future.



THE PAGEANT OF GUILDFORD

Drawings by GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

THE FIRST TRAIN ARRIVES IN GUILDFORD: The date on the Pageant programme is May 1845. Spectators see a replica of the first train to reach a beflagged borough on the line extended from Woking by the old London and South-Western Company welcomed by jubilant citizens. Thus Guildford had a direct railway service with London. Initially there were fourteen trains a day at the station. Now there are more than that number every hour. The electric train service from Waterloo was introduced in 1925. The rapid growth of the importance of Guildford Junction—it was soon served by three railway companies—was a factor in the increase in the population of the borough. In 1841 the inhabitants totalled 8,084. The 1951 Census showed a figure of 47,496, which has certainly risen since then. Guildford Station is built on a part of the old Royal Park, which was the Sovereign's personal property, and included in Windsor Forest.



KNIGHTS IN THE LISTS: Heavily armoured, they engage their lances before early Tudor spectators in the gay pavilion. By 1500 the joust or tournament had become a spectacle of great colour and magnificence and Guildford had for long had a fine reputation for putting on these displays of military prowess. This is one of the score of scenes or episodes in the Pageant directed by Mr. Christopher Ede, which opens next Wednesday (June 26) at Guildford, and covers the 700 years of the borough's history from the grant of the First Charter in 1257 to the present day. The Special Gala Performance for the Queen and Prince Philip is on Thursday next (June 27).

FROM THE CATHEDRAL HILL : The picture is taken from the roof of the as yet unfinished Cathedral on Stag Hill. On the left beyond the factory chimney is the roof of the main railway station. Behind it lies the old and historic part of the town. For the most part, the view shows how the residential areas of Guildford have spread to keep pace with the growing local industries.

THE PAGEANT OF GUILDFORD

CASTLE ARCH AND MUSEUM : The gate leads to the ruins of Guildford Castle, of which the main part still standing is the square Norman keep. The exhibits in the Museum (on right) are mostly concerned with the history of Surrey.

On left—
THE RIVER WEY : Its shaded waters are popular for boating and they also provide good sport for fishermen. The Wey runs through the valley dividing the slopes on which Guildford is built.

Below—
THE CENTRE OF GUILDFORD : At right centre is the tower of St. Nicholas' Church, a nineteenth-century edifice on a site where there has been a church since Norman times. Then, in the centre, is the hump of Town Bridge leading to the hill of High Street. At top, in centre, is eighteenth-century Holy Trinity Church ; to its left can be seen the turrets of Abbot's Hospital, founded in 1619.

OUTDOOR ART IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Paintings are on Display in the Streets of New York's "Chelsea"

Although most capital cities in the world have in their populations a considerable proportion of artists, only a few can boast their own separate Artists' Quarter. In London, one immediately associates Chelsea, Bloomsbury and, possibly, Hampstead, with the homes of artists. In Paris, Montmartre and Montparnasse are the accepted prototypes of "Bohemian" districts. To find this aspect of life in America, a visitor should go to Greenwich Village, situated between Washington Square and the North River. There, at the present season, the painters who live in this colourful suburb are busily engaged in staging their annual outdoor art exhibition. It is being held along the pavements of many of the streets of the Village and is, as usual, creating a great deal of interest among New Yorkers.

The exhibition is now in its fifty-second year, and, as usual, it presents the fresh and, sometimes, exasperating ideas of those who believe themselves to be in the *avant-garde* of American painting.

PASSERS-BY STOP TO PRAISE AND CRITICISE: Paintings hung on a mesh wire fence in one of the streets at Greenwich Village, New York, come under the close scrutiny of some of the visitors who attended the fifty-first annual outdoor art exhibition. It shows the work of artists who live there.

ARTISTS IN VARYING MOODS: *Left*—After hanging a selection of his canvases on a wall of a derelict house, one of the artists, Russell Young, sets up his easel and canvas in the midst of all the debris and rubbish and begins work on another painting. *Centre*—"Won't you come and buy?" appears to be the expression conveyed by Helen Meyer, one of the better-known painters at Greenwich Village, as she stands by her pictures awaiting customers. *Right*—Two more of the young artists from the Village engage in conversation as they take a few minutes off from work and sit on the edge of the pavement alongside their paintings.

PAINTINGS IN VARIOUS STYLES: *Left*—As can be seen from the picture of this selection of exhibits, many of the paintings have a strong religious theme. *On right*—An enterprising artist has taken the "Parking" sign in its literal meaning. His paintings have been attached to the wooden fence in front of the entrance to the parking area. The exhibition is, as usual, creating a considerable amount of interest among New Yorkers. Exhibits are hung in many of the streets in the Village.

THE BARBICAN AS IT IS TO-DAY: This is a view of the former vast textile area of the City of London, the development of which is under consideration by the Corporation of London. Prominent in the left background is the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; further to the right is Old Bailey.

PLANS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

Further Stages in the Rebuilding of War-Torn London; and Other New Buildings in Scotland, the U.S.A. and Japan

Within the near future the Corporation of the City of London are expected to discuss the revised proposals for their own development plan for the Barbican, the severely-bombed area close to St. Paul's Cathedral. This plan, prepared by Chamberlin Powell and Bon (Architects), was announced in 1956, the year in which the Minister of Housing and Local Government finally rejected the scheme put forward by the New Barbican Development Committee, an independent body. As well as providing for the redevelopment of the commercial area, the City Corporation plan includes a scheme for residential purposes, the whole of which, it is proposed, should be contained within the parish of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate. The population would be about 6,700, approximately half the figure given for the area in 1851. In 1951 the resident population was twenty-eight.

"GAME RESERVE": Topped by a semi-circular pitched canopy, the construction is an open-air chess pavilion in Lincoln Park, Chicago, which has been built to provide protection against inclement weather. It accommodates ten players and is a gift from Laurens Hammond, chairman of Hammond Organ Company.

A NEW POWER STATION FOR SCOTLAND: This view from the Kincardine Bridge, on the River Forth, shows the new power station which is under construction on the Alloa side of the river. It will be one of the biggest coal-fired power stations in the country. At present the massive chimney dominates the framework of the rest of the power station.

A NEW TOKYO LANDMARK : The building beyond the railway station in Yurakucho, a business district of Tokyo, is the newly-opened Yomiuri Hall. It is triangular in shape, has three basement floors, a ground floor and eight upper floors with a total floor-space of 351,250 square feet. There is an auditorium for 1,500 people and a television hall for 500 people. A department store also occupies much of the building. Two of the three walls are of solid, blue-tinted glass; the third is of white marble. The entrances have invisible air doors—a current of air about 6½ ft. thick which forms a curtain. The air is blown downwards and sucked into floor gratings.

THE MODERN TREND IN LONDON'S HOUSING : The dominating feature in this section of the Borough of Finsbury is the sixteen-storey block of flats built by the Corporation of London to form part of the Golden Lane Housing Scheme, near the Barbican. It is the tallest residential building in the City. The winged concrete projections on the top of the building house water storage tanks. In the background are two blocks of flats on the estate built by the Peabody Trust for Finsbury Borough Council.

THE "MYTTON BREED" IN SPORTSMEN

George Osbaldeston, Legend and Reality. He was a Master of all Games and an Expert at Field Sports

By JOHN GORE

IN his *Character and Sportsmanship*, a serious effort to assess for Posterity and Civilisation the nature, meaning and value of British "Sportsmanship," Sir Theodore Cook chose George Osbaldeston to represent the "Mytton breed" among his types of sportsmen.

And he made a fair enough estimate of "the Squire" (before dismissing him for worthier examples, such as Chaplin and Willoughby de Broke) in these words:—

"George Osbaldeston's greatest reputation depends upon his hunting, as a famous Master of the Quorn and other packs. But he was also the most versatile sportsman we have ever had, and the remarkable thing is that he was really first-rate at nearly everything he ever tried. After dinner one night at Pitsford there was some chaff about his powers of endurance, and he backed himself for a thousand guineas to ride 200 miles in ten hours; he won the bet in less than nine. He was one of the six best cricketers in England. He beat the great Marchasio at tennis with his gloved hand against the professional's racket. He was a dead shot with pistol or shot-gun. He played billiards with the best. He lost two hundred thousand pounds on the Turf. He was the best man of his day in steeplechases across a country. He refereed several prize-fights, and was a fine boxer himself. He rowed both at Eton and at Brasenose, and won a big race in a four from Westminster to Putney after he was forty. But if you were to judge from his Autobiography you would come to the conclusion that from the day he went to school until he was carried to his grave, nothing outside Great Britain interested him at all. Neither the menace nor the catastrophe of Napoleon moved him in the least. Waterloo is never mentioned. The vicissitudes of Europe leave him completely undisturbed. I do not think any other nation or any other form of 'education' could have produced such a man."

A Puzzle to Our Enemies.—"That was the chief problem our continental critics always had to face; and it has universally baffled every enemy of England; but, fortunately, it is not our only asset, pleasurable as may be its possession to ourselves. Indeed, if we had only produced men of the type of George Osbaldeston, Jack Mytton, John Peel, or even 'Nimrod' himself, this country would have done very little outside her own borders, nor lasted very long within them. For they exhibited that quality of excess which is the peril of all virtues. These men, in fact, laid far more stress on the material proofs and enjoyments of their sport than on those spiritual and inward graces of which they barely recognised the existence. And sport has not lost either in keenness or in accomplishment, because there has been added—since their day—a spirit of sportsmanship in the higher meaning of the word, a spirit of which we hear almost as little as Osbaldeston heard, but of which, since his death, we can find instances in every manifestation of English life and character from top to bottom."

Except for the concluding sentence—which one may take *cum grano* or *con amore*, according to one's individual experience and opinions of British sports generally—what Sir Theodore says of Osbaldeston is sound sense and near enough to the truth. And even if George Osbaldeston "never heard of Napoleon," his unquestioned claim to supremacy as a M.F.H. would justify his inclusion in the most sober and strictly edited record of English worthies. England else would not be England.

Pedigree and Career.—Osbaldeston's career was, like Mytton's, glorified into a legend. Stories grew up around him; but in his case the wheat of truth is rather easier to sift from the chaff of rumour. Thomas Seccombe undertook the task of compiling his "notice" for D.N.B. and produced two columns which are relevant, restrained and reasonably exact.

The Squire was no doubt an excrescence, a straggler from a wilder and more reckless generation, but he was no lunatic. He was a master of all games, an expert at field sports, and even exercised a sense of civic responsibility where its exercise did not clash with his recreations. He was a figure in his day—his very early-acquired fame as a master of hounds ensured that—and a figure recognised outside the world of sport. He was treated with deference by many responsible men of his day, as famous M.F.H.s almost always are in England.

George was born in 1787 and lived well beyond man's allotted span. He was descended from the old Yorkshire family of Wickens, or Wickins, his grandfather, John Wickens, being Rector of Petworth, in Sussex. This grandfather married Philadelphia Osbaldeston, who inherited half the Yorkshire estate of Fountagne Osbaldeston (M.P. for Scarborough and brother of a Bishop of London), and assumed that surname. George Osbaldeston, the Rector's son, married the only daughter of Sir Thomas Head, Bart., and went to live at Hutton Bushell, Yorkshire. Our George was the issue of this marriage. He lost his father when he was six years old and migrated with his mother to Bath, where he learned his letters and learned riding from the celebrated Dash.

George Osbaldeston passed on to Eton and matriculated at Brasenose, in Trafalgar year. He never took his degree, employing most of his time at Oxford in hunting a private pack of hounds. On leaving Oxford, he bought Lord Monson's hounds and hunted the Burton country for five years. In those years he established a reputation as M.F.H. which continued to grow and has hardly been surpassed.

From 1817 to 1828 (with an interval of two years) he was Master of the Quorn, after which he migrated to the Pytchley. In these years Osbaldeston and his huntsman, Tom Sebright, gave grand sport and became legendary figures in the world, and in the history, of hunting in the shires. He would hunt six days a week, and there was nothing he did not know of hounds and of horse- and hound-breeding.

He was a dreaded dictator of his fields. His feats of endurance were on every tongue in sporting circles and continued into his middle age. His *annus mirabilis* was 1831, in which year he was forty-four years old.

In that year Osbaldeston won his famous bet of 1,000 guineas that he would ride 200 miles in 10 consecutive hours. He won "on his head" by riding fifty horses for heats of 4 miles each, at an average rate of 26 m.p.h.

A Famous Duel.—In the same year he fought his notorious duel with Lord George Bentinck, fully dealt with in memoirs of George Payne and Bentinck. The cause was Bentinck's innuendo that "the Squire" had used sharp practices over a private bet. Payne warned Osbaldeston that if he fought, no decent man would speak to him again. But fight they did and the Squire missed his man either deliberately or by a hair's breadth, for truth and legend are here confused. Not long afterwards the two were friends again.

Osbaldeston was a famous cricketer and a very daring steeplechase rider; indeed, he excelled at a dozen games and all sports. For six years he represented East Retford in Parliament from 1812, though this service to his country did not enable him to "hear about Napoleon" nor did it curtail his sporting activities. He served his turn on the Bench.

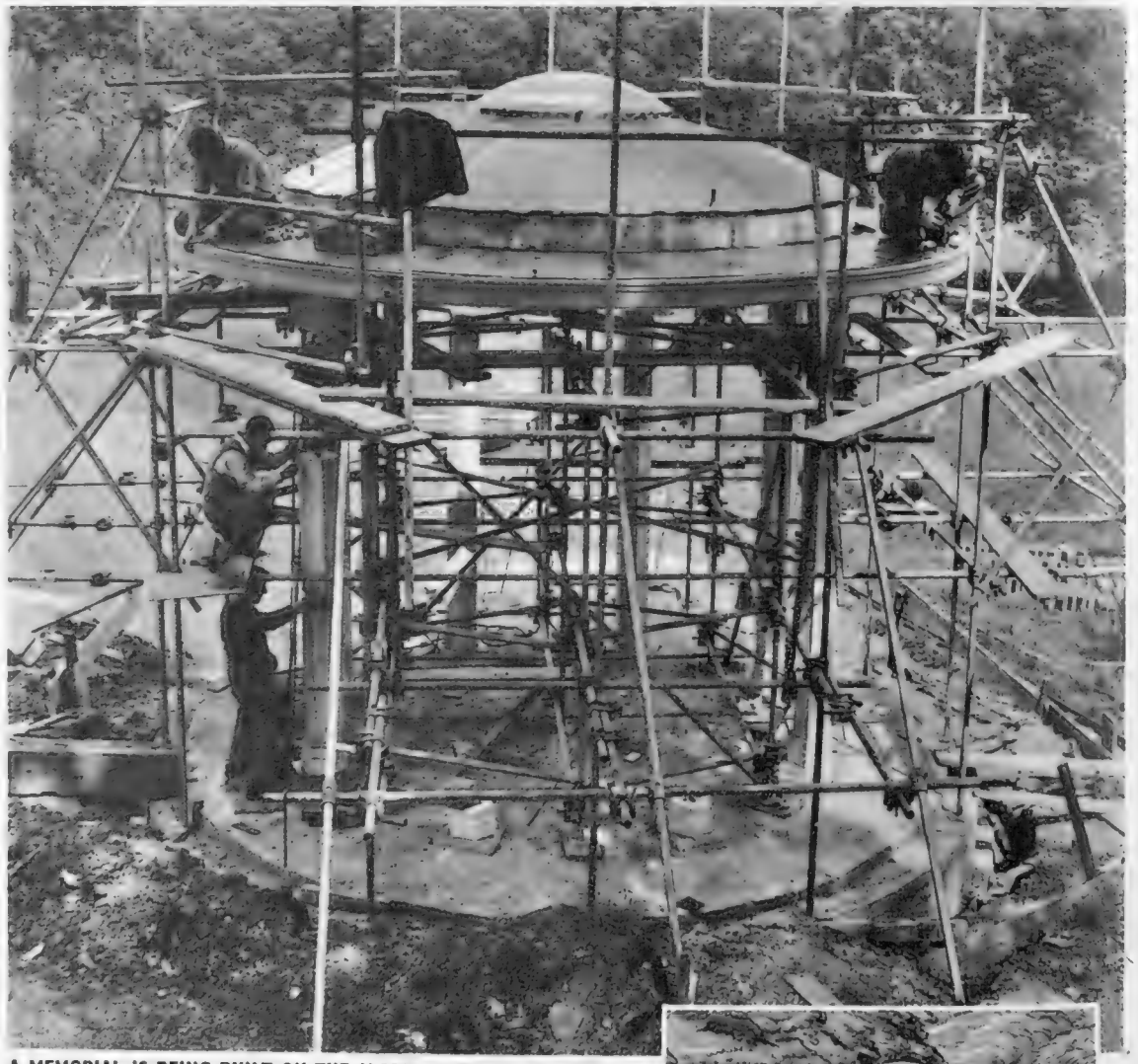
In the early '60's he retired from sport and made his home in St. John's Wood. At the end of his life he married for convenience. His biographer in D.N.B. did not think this "incident" worth a mention. He was a little man of enormous bodily strength, with short legs. But when mounted he and his horse became one animal. He had a good deal of charm, could reveal proofs of intelligence and even culture and is said to have shown on many occasions notably polished manners. His friends considered that he was incapable of a mean or dishonest action.

Creevey met Osbaldeston at Sulby in 1829 when on a visit to George Payne and a houseful of Pytchley hunting men ("very second rate compared with the Quorn or Melton crowd"), and has left us this thumbnail sketch of "the Squire":—

"... Only five feet high and in features like a cub-fox, he is a very funny little chap; clever in his way, very good-humoured and gay, and with very good manners.... I am fond of all these lads being dressed in scarlet in the evening. It looks so gay."

Such was Osbaldeston, as he has come down to us, cut out of entwining and fantastic legends, and as his cooler-headed contemporaries saw him. A much more flesh-and-blood figure than Jack Mytton but not perhaps quite real, in the sense that George Payne was real and understandable by standards current in our own times.

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO MAGNA CARTA

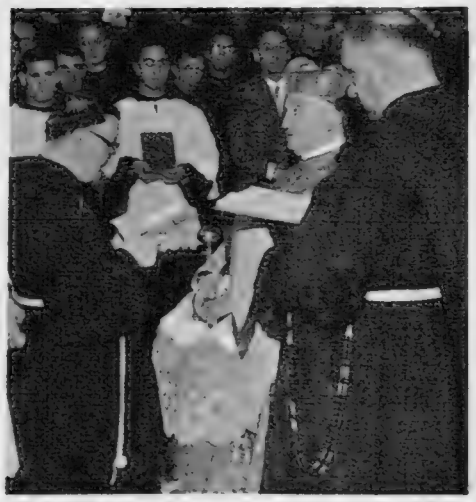


A MEMORIAL IS BEING BUILT ON THE SLOPES OVERLOOKING RUNNYMEDE: It stands close to the spot where King John signed the Charter in 1215. The memorial is to be dedicated on July 28, when more than 2,000 British and American lawyers assemble for the ceremony. It is being built by the Americans who are coming to England to hold part of their annual convention in London at the invitation of the Law Society and the General Council of the Bar of England and Wales. *On right*—Sir Edward Maufe's design of the memorial, which is some 15 ft. high. It consists of a central granite pillar and circular domed roof supported by hexagonal stone columns. Around the stone frieze below the painted interior dome will be the inscription: "To commemorate Magna Carta, Symbol of Freedom under Law, Erected by the American Bar Association."

SUCCESSOR TO ST. FRANCIS

The Re-election of the Leader of the Franciscans

THE ELECTION OF THE 113TH SUCCESSOR TO ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI : Provincial Fathers of the General Chapter of the Order of Franciscans go in procession to the original church of the Saint during the ceremonies in connection with the election of the leader of the Order. The church, which has its own belfry, is now situated inside the bigger basilica in the Italian city. The General Chapter in Assisi was attended by 100 Provincial Ministers, some of whom were from Provinces behind the Iron Curtain, and they re-elected their Minister General, Augustin Sepinski, to serve a further term of twelve years. He was originally elected to the office for the normal six-year term in 1951. On this occasion it was decided to extend the term of office from six to twelve years. Father Sepinski was born in 1900 in St. Julien les Metz, in France, of a family of Polish origin. The General Chapter was presided over by Clemente Cardinal Micara, the Protector of the Order, and the election was by secret ballot. After the election the Minister General received the Provincial Ministers, who kissed his hand in sign of obedience. The Order of Franciscans was founded, in 1210, by St. Francis, who obtained the sanction of Pope Innocent III.



THE INVESTITURE: Father Sepinski kneels before the Cardinal to pronounce the formula of the Investiture during the ceremonies.

IN THE MONASTERY OF THE ORDER : Clemente Cardinal Micara (in the centre of the table at the far end) presides at a session of the General Chapter. The scene is dominated by the large crucifix which hangs on one of the room's bare walls.

BLESSING GERMANY'S HORSES

The Picturesque Ceremony in the Taunus Mountains

BLESSING THE HORSES : A general view of the scene at Niederbrechen, in the Taunus Mountains in Germany, during the open-air Mass for the blessing of horses. The Mass at the open-air service was celebrated at a temporary altar on a specially-erected platform surrounded by the animals and members of the congregation. During the ceremonies more than 250 horses and riders took part in a procession to a small church, situated on a rocky hill near Niederbrechen. The procession, which originated in 1903, was banned by the Gestapo shortly before the war. It was revived in 1946. A similar ceremony takes place at nearby Limburg.

TAKING PART IN THE PROCESSION : A priest and other participants in the service kneel as the Blessed Sacrament, contained in a pyx, is carried by a priest on horseback. *Below*—As the horses pass by they are sprinkled by priests with holy water.

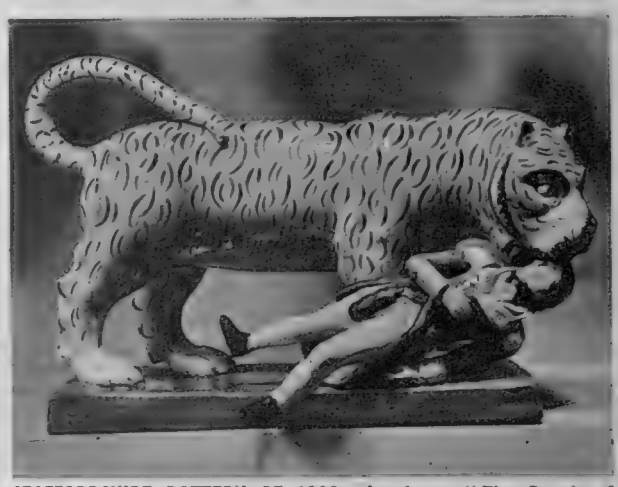
ANTIQUES ON SHOW

The Annual Fair and Exhibition of the London Antique Dealers at Grosvenor House

By L. G. G. RAMSEY

A RARE LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUST : "Cicero" in black basalt is 18 ins. high and is the work of Josiah Wedgwood and his partner, Thomas Bentley, dated about 1770. It is one of the exhibits in the Antique Dealers' Fair in London.

FURNITURE IN WOOD : This display at Grosvenor House contains domestic pieces mainly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The figure of an Indian in the centre left was the seventeenth-century sign put outside their shop by tobacconists. To the left, leaning against the wall, are butter moulds. The shelves in the centre right hold treen ware, utensils made of wood.



STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY OF 1800 : It shows "The Death of Captain Munroe," who was killed by a tiger in India. The Fair at Grosvenor House ends next Thursday (June 27).

CHINESE CARVED JADE : The exhibits are eighteenth-century work. The green screen would have been used by Mandarins at table to segregate themselves from others present. In centre is a vase with cover.

WHEN the first London Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition was held in 1934, one of its primary objects was to stimulate sales for the London trade. In recent years, however, it has hardly needed this selling boost. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the trade to find art objects of top quality.

Yet the event of the Grosvenor House Fair is still an essential annual trade "fixture." It serves to bring a steadily increasing number of overseas private and trade buyers to London especially for the occasion. On the opening day of this year's Fair (which ends next Thursday, June 27) I talked to internationally-known connoisseurs from Italy, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal and the Americas.

What is more important is that the Fair is the only opportunity in the year when English collectors can see assembled and for sale, in one place, the best works of art that English antique dealers have been able to find over the last twelve months. At the other end of the scale it is a unique opportunity for those who cannot afford to buy to study, learn about *and handle* objects of art in a way rarely possible in a museum.

An impressive feature of the Fair is that nearly all the exhibits are of essentially English origin. This would seem to be contrary to the current fashion among a number of rich collectors for French furniture and for pictures by French Impressionists. Instead there is the less flamboyant, but to many infinitely more desirable, English oak, walnut, mahogany and satinwood furniture, and pictures largely by English artists.

The presence this year at the Fair of much more satinwood furniture than in past years is noticeable. This is not surprising. There is a marked revival of interest in the delicate, graceful furniture constructed of this wood with such skill by English cabinet-makers from about 1770. The revival of veneers and inlaid work at that period, in fact, led cabinet-makers to experiment with a wide range of exotic timbers brought to England—satinwood in particular, from the Indies—by enterprising merchants.

On Stand 16 (Jeremy), for example, is a Sheraton fall-front escritoire in Cuban flame-figured mahogany of date about 1790; and on Stand 72 (Baxter) an outstanding pair of Sheraton satinwood and harewood 4-ft.-high commodes. For the benefit of the furniture historian, these were made originally for Margaretta Henrietta Buchan-Hepburn of Smeaton House, Midlothian, and bear her insignia. The study of the evolution of smaller articles of furniture such as this can also be a study of social history; for they portray, as Horace Walpole wrote of the furniture in Hogarth's pictures, "the history of the manners of the age."

In this way, too, can be explained the change in furniture style at the end (about 1830) of the Regency period, when there was a renewal of classical forms carried out in a literal interpretation of Greek, Roman and Egyptian styles. There is an example of this, a Regency writing table in kingwood, on Stand 42 (Kerin) and in another imposing piece of furniture on Stand 40 (Blairman)—a Regency settee and two armchairs which the furniture designer Thomas Hope (1769-1831) made for his drawing-room at Deepdene, Surrey.

In spite of the present scarcity of fine English antique silver it is not apparently in short supply at Grosvenor House. The sale at Christie's of some of H.R.H. the Princess Royal's silver, the dispersal at Sotheby's of Viscount Tredegar's silver, and the welcome return from America of other individual pieces of silver have helped to raise supply in the home market.

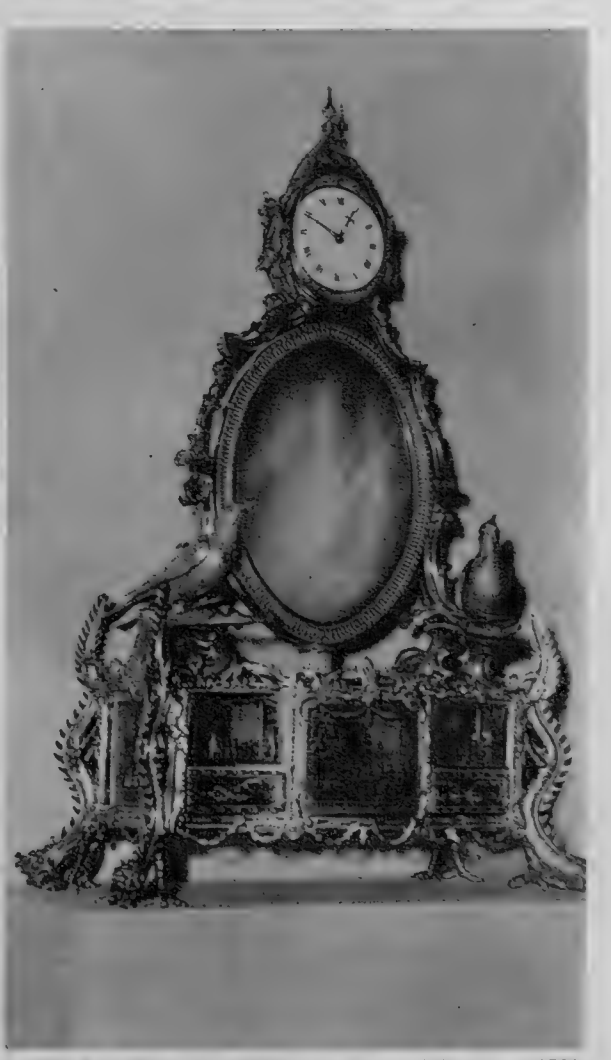
Resulting from the Harewood sale, on Stand 27 (Asprey), is a pair of George II, 7½-in.-high, two-light silver-gilt candelabra. These are engraved with the Lascelles crest and coronet, and were made by John Pero, a "plate-worker" in the Strand. Another London goldsmith, whose work is seen in a 1638 silver-footed dish on Stand 67 (How), is Thomas Maundy, of Foster Lane. And graciously loaned to the Fair by H.M. the Queen from the Van Dyck Room at Windsor comes a late seventeenth-century silver table presented by William III to the Corporation of London. This bears the maker's monogram of Andrew Moore, of Bridewell, whose mark was entered at Goldsmiths' Hall in 1697.

To-day it is no simple exercise to build up a collection of silver which is the work of one man, or, as with the Huguenot school, the work of a particular group of craftsmen. Specialisation can also provide interesting links between one collection and another. A silver collector friend of mine, who possesses a pair of silver-gilt wine-tasters bearing the monogram of Princess Augusta Sophia, daughter of George III, was able to see at the Fair part of a toilet service which also belonged to her. The latter is the gracious loan of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Patron of the Fair.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE WITH CHINESE PORCELAIN: The round table is gallery-topped with, beneath, an eagle's-head tripod. The model of the warship was made by French prisoners taken during the Napoleonic Wars and is in ivory and bone. The two cabinets hold a variety of Chinese porcelain.

A REGENCY WRITING TABLE: In kingwood, cross-banded with amboyna wood and embellished with gilt, it has lyre end-supports. On it are a pair of Louis XVI ormolu candlesticks.

A CHARLES I SILVER-FOOTED DISH: It was made by Thomas Maundy. On the same stand are pieces of London-made miniature silver.



A MUSICAL CLOCK: T. Williamson created it about 1790. On three of the panels below the figures in village scenes are animated at the strike and the birds above flap their wings. This fascinating example of eighteenth-century automata was sold early in the Antique Dealers' Fair, at which more than eighty dealers are showing.

Grosvenor House can also always be reckoned to provide an academically important display of Oriental, Continental and English pottery and porcelain. Many of those interested in Oriental works of art take the earliest opportunity of finding an example of the work of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906). This was assuredly the golden age of China, great in literature and painting, and receptive and fertile in its contacts with the outside world. In the T'ang pottery horse on Stand 11 (Sparks) is an admirable example of the extreme sensitiveness of the modelling of the period.

At the other extreme, how entirely different, yet so entirely expressive of the graceful work of the English modellers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, are the rare pieces of Bow, Worcester, Derby and Chelsea porcelain to be seen on a number of stands. The very rare Chelsea white glazed crayfish salt, of date about 1745-50, on Stand 14 (Delomosne), is particularly worth examining.

The main theme of the Antique Dealers' Fair is, in short, wholly concerned with the individual requirements and interests of private collectors. This is exactly what the object of "the Fair" should be. Unlike the artificial, and often accidental, commingling of works of art in museums, a private collection, set out in the surroundings of a home, has an organic personality of its own.

A WILLIAM AND MARY SOLID SILVER TABLE: It is English workmanship of the very late seventeenth century, is 4 ft. wide, 2 ft. 5¾ ins. deep and 2 ft. 9½ ins. high. Originally presented by William III to the City of London, the table has been loaned to the Fair by the Queen from the Van Dyck Room at Windsor.

The British Theatre

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Sir Laurence Olivier in Belgrade; A New Comedy and the Welsh Opera Company in London

TITO AND TITUS: The President of Yugoslavia talks with Sir Laurence Olivier after the first performance of *Titus Andronicus* by the Stratford Company, in which Sir Laurence plays the title-role, at the National Theatre in Belgrade. In the centre is Mr. Peter Brook, the producer. His production was first seen at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1955. Six weeks ago the Company started on an extensive tour of Europe. When it is over, *Titus* will have been seen in Paris, Venice, Zagreb, Vienna and Warsaw, as well as in Belgrade. Early next month the Company is due at the Stoll Theatre in London.

YUGOSLAVIA HONOURS BRITISH PLAYERS: Marshal Tito and his wife (centre left) receive Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and other members of the Stratford *Titus Andronicus* Company in the National Theatre in the Yugoslav capital.

IN "SIX MONTHS' GRACE," AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE IN LONDON: From the left are Richard Caldicot as Albert Honeydew; Georgina Cookson (Lorna Loveday), Yvonne Arnaud (Grace Barnes), Tom Chatto (Mr. Tremlett), and Molly Urquhart (Ethel Sims). The scene in the comedy by Robert Morley and Dundas Hamilton is the office of a dried-fruit firm in Covent Garden. Miss Arnaud, as the wife of the chairman, takes over the business with the help of another director's wife (Georgina Cookson). The direction is by Eric Capon and the decor is the work of Anthony Holland.

THE WELSH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY AT SADLER'S WELLS: *Left*—Joyce Barker in the role of Helen in Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele*. *Right*—Patricia Kern as Martha and Raimund Herincx in the title-part of Mefistofele. The Welsh National Opera Company opens its third successive one-week season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London next Monday (June 24). Boito was a librettist as well as a composer and wrote librettos for Verdi, although not for the two Verdi operas in the Welsh repertoire next week, *I Lombardi* and *Nabucco*.

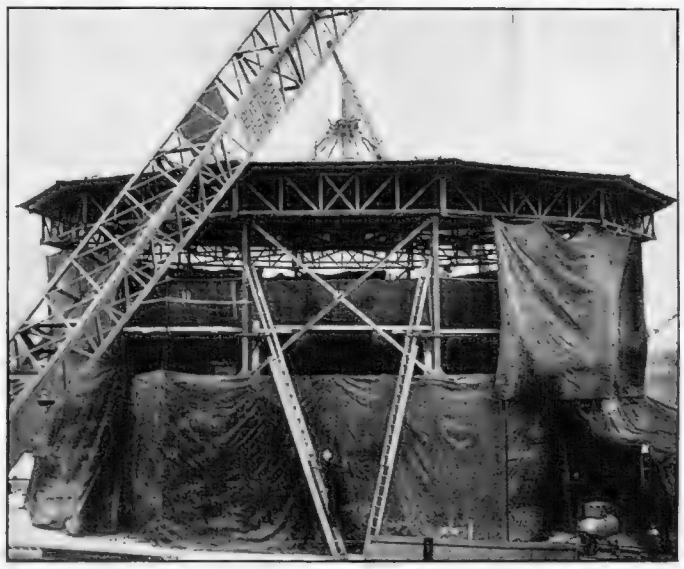
A QUESTION OF DATES: From the left, Anthony Tancred as Freddie Loveday; Michael Shepley (George Barnes), Molly Urquhart (Ethel Sims) and Richard Caldicot (Albert Honeydew) are seen in *Six Months' Grace*.

A FIRST LONDON PRODUCTION FOR THIRTY YEARS: Principals and chorus are grouped in the Grecian scene in Boito's *Mefistofele*. The production at Sadler's Wells by the Welsh National Opera Company next week will be the first staging of the opera in London since 1926.

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING

THE NUCLEAR AGE COMES TO GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Against the background of the River Severn construction has begun at Berkeley on the new atomic power station for the Central Electricity Authority. Two reactors and sixteen boiler units will provide the power for four turbo-generators. The work should be completed by the end of 1960.

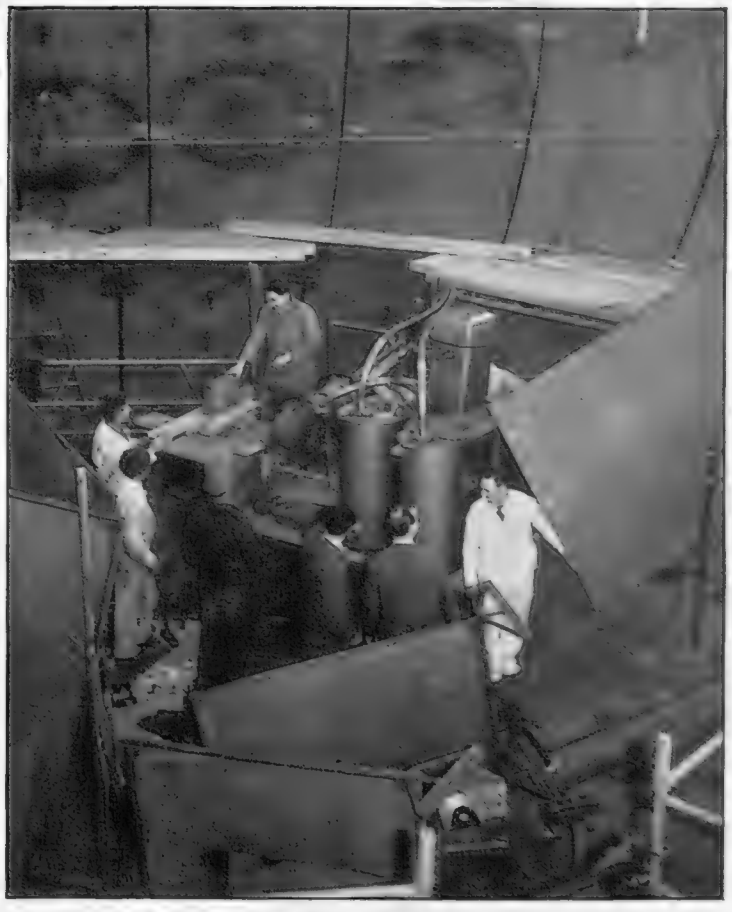


On right—
A REACTOR CHAMBER: Because of its appearance at this stage of building, it has been nicknamed "the bandstand." It will house one of the two natural uranium CO_2 gas-cooled reactors at Berkeley.

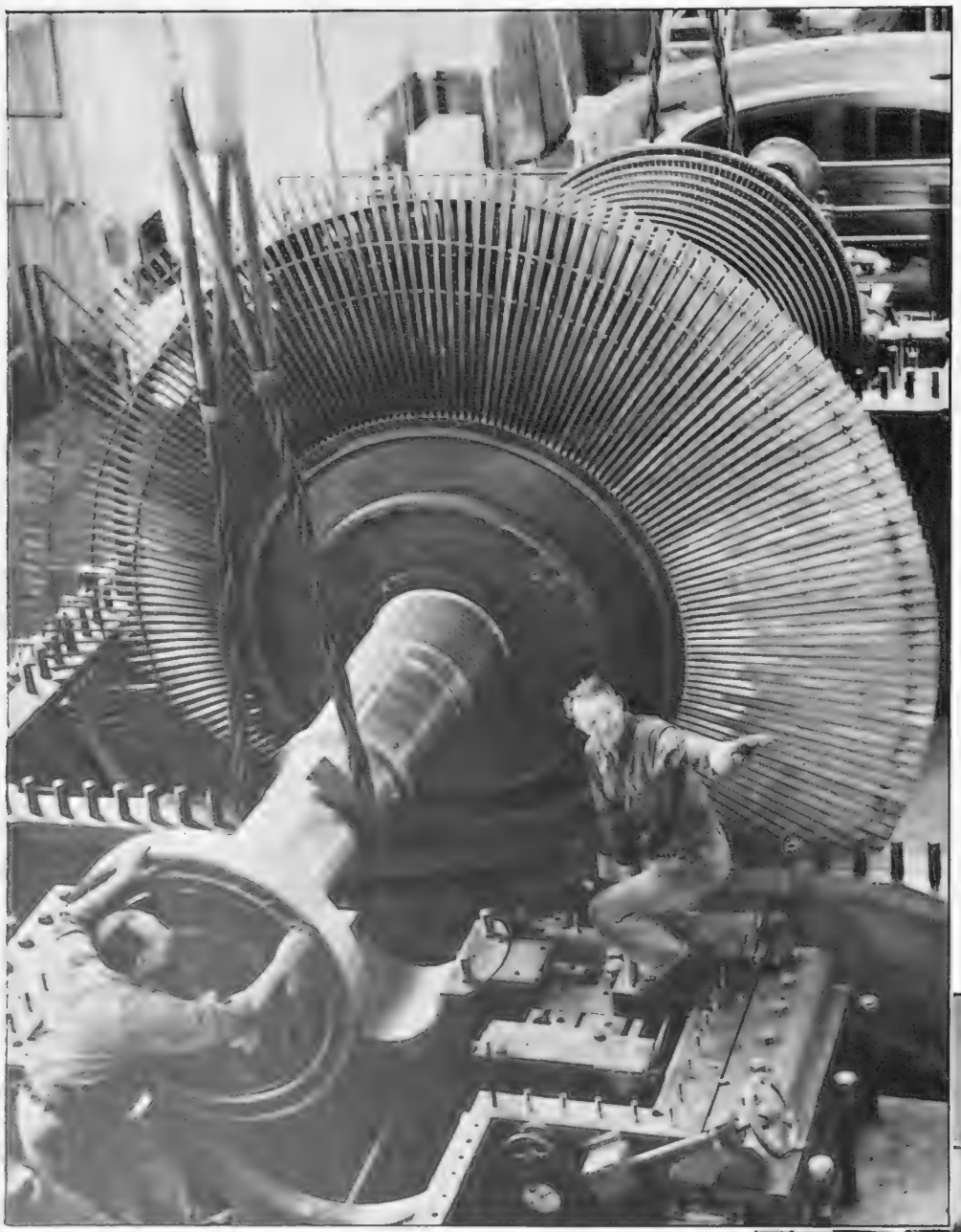
BRITAIN'S NEW NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

The little market town of Berkeley has for long had a proud place in the annals of science, for there Edward Jenner, the pioneer of vaccination, lived and died. Now Berkeley is again in the van of scientific progress. On a 96-acre strip by the River Severn, between Gloucester and Bristol, the A.E.I.—John Thompson Nuclear Energy Company is building an atomic power station for the Central Electricity Authority. The plant will consist of two natural uranium, CO_2 gas-cooled, graphite moderated reactors supplying heat to sixteen boiler units, eight boilers being associated with each reactor and grouped round it to form a complete unit. Steam from the boilers will be used to drive four dual-pressure turbo-generators of rather more than 80,000 kilowatts capacity. In the reactors the fuel elements will be uranium rods sheathed in magnesium alloy. The heat produced will be transferred to the boilers. The control of the station will be from one central control room. From there it will be possible to monitor the whole plant and make all the essential adjustments necessary for smooth and efficient operation of the station.

MODERN INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE: The assembly of scaffolding, pipes, cranes, hoists and other massive equipment is required for the building of a reactor chamber and its accessories. Berkeley will also provide irradiated fuel to the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.



INSIDE "THE BANDSTAND": Within the walls of this reactor chamber under construction; the equipment in the centre is an X-ray machine for checking welds. A.E.I.—John Thompson Ltd. are building the station.



TURBINE SPINDLE FOR AN AMERICAN NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

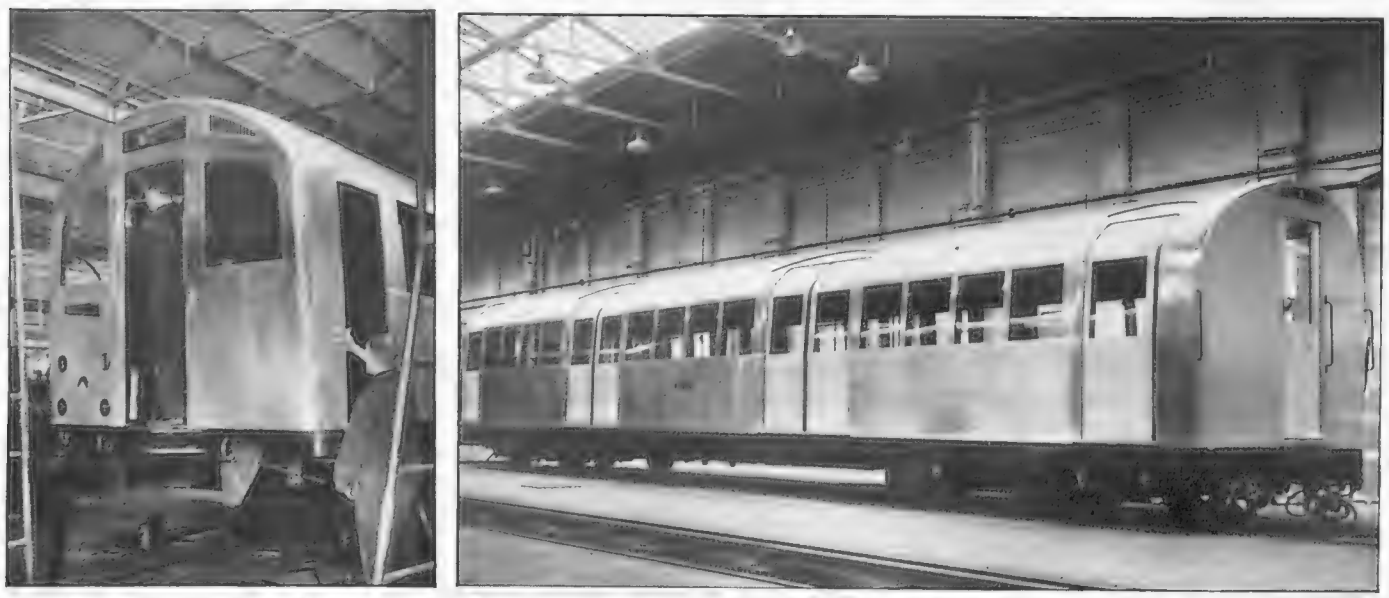
The massive spindle illustrated was being prepared for shipment from the Steam Division of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation at Lester, Pennsylvania, to the atomic power station at Shippingport, in the same State. The Duquesne Light Company of Pittsburgh is financing and building the electric generating section of the first full-scale nuclear power plant for the generation of electricity in America. The Company will also operate the plant, which is due for completion by the end of this year. Westinghouse is developing and building the nuclear reactor for the atomic power station in collaboration with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. The turbine, for which the spindle was made, is rated at 100,000 kilowatts and is part of a contract for turbine generator facilities worth more than £1,000,000. The complete turbine, when assembled, will weigh 580 tons, measure 81 ft. in length, and be capable of handling 1,400,000 lb. of steam per hour. The steam generated by the nuclear reactor will spin the turbine which, in turn, will drive the generator to produce electric power. By means of a heat exchanger, water under high pressure from the reactor will give off heat to create steam which will be used to drive the turbine. Because of the turbine unit's unusual size, it had to be shipped in sections.

ELECTRONIC INDEXING

At Gallarate, near Milan, in Italy, the world's first literary computing centre is applying the most up-to-date methods to assist the work of scholars. The equipment centres round the IBM electronic 650 computer. The picture shows the first stage in the new-style indexing of the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas. The text of a volume of the monumental work is being transcribed on to text cards. These cards consist of a series of holes, and when they are run through the computer they can separate the matter into its various sub-titles for indexing. It is estimated that a work of 2,000 pages comprising 1,600,000 words can be done with the IBM computer by one person in sixty hours. To do the same work with electric accounting machines would take three men 1,000 hours, and in the old days of indexing by hand the three men would have required 20,000 hours. The Mechanised Indexing Centre at Gallarate, which is under the direction of the Jesuit scholar, Father Roberto Busa, is also at present indexing some of the Dead Sea Scrolls. IBM 650 computers can be employed for a wide variety of work in making calculations by electronic means for scientific, business, academic and many other purposes.

UNBENDABLE STEEL FOR BRUSSELS FAIR

A giant section of unbendable steel, nearly 44 yards long and weighing 45 metric tons, is hauled through Nivelles, in Belgium, by a 20-ton, heavy-duty tractor. It is to form a support for the 363-ft.-high "Atomium," which will dominate the Belgian section of the Brussels World Fair which is to open in April of next year. The "Atomium" will comprise nine spheres—each 60 ft. in diameter—which will show peaceful uses of the atom.



LONDON TRANSPORT'S TUBE TRAIN OF THE FUTURE: Finishing touches are put to a prototype of the Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Company's new aluminium coach for London's Underground railway at Saltley, Birmingham. The first train is due to enter service in the middle of July. Other prototypes are being built by the Gloucester and by the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Companies

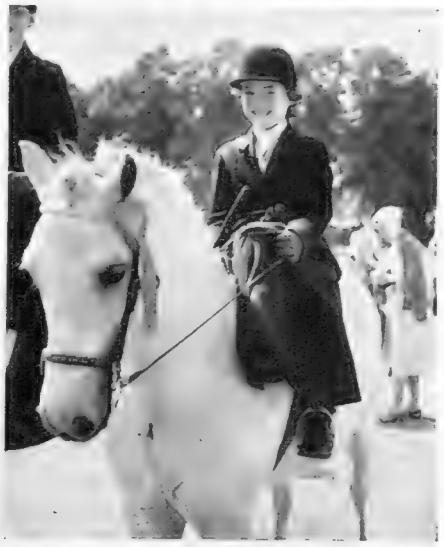
ALUMINIUM COACHES

Unpainted aluminium coaches have already proved a success on London's Underground. The greater initial cost is offset by a saving in painting and maintenance and running costs are lower because of reduced weight. Some £800 is saved by not painting a standard seven-coach train and maintenance and cleaning costs drop by about £100 a year. On an estimated life of thirty years, there is thus a saving of £3,800 for each train. The three prototypes have re-styled interior compartments, with fluorescent lighting and facing cross-seats in place of mixed facing and non-facing cross-seats. After a full-scale test of the prototypes, London Transport will place a large order for this new-style train to replace its older rolling stock.

FIRE AT RICHMOND

The Main Stand is Destroyed at the Royal Horse Show on Richmond Athletic Ground

FIRE DESTROYS THE MAIN STAND AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW : Firemen play their hoses on the smouldering ruins of the structure, which also housed the bars, restaurant, secretary's office and Press room. The events in the three-day horse show continued as the firemen fought the blaze. At the time of the outbreak Mounted Police were demonstrating the training of police horses for emergencies.



A YOUNG HORSEWOMAN RIDES AT RICHMOND : Six-year-old Sarah Bullen, of Catherston, Charmouth, Dorset, takes part in the Ascot Challenge Cup competition for children's ponies ridden side-saddle.

Right—

A WINNING TEAM : The Mann, Crossman and Paulin's team of grey geldings, with their driver, Mr. W. Potter, received the James Paterson Challenge Cup in the double harness event for heavy draught and carthorses.

A WINNER TAKES A JUMP : Mr. L. Carter's Wonder Valley, ridden by Miss J. Nash, the winner of the Pall Mall Challenge Cup, takes a jump in the Foxhunter Competition. Nicka, owned and ridden by Mr. T. Parker, was second, and Mr. F. Oliver's Red Link third.

UNDER THE WASHING AND IN THE RING : *Left*—P.C. Varley takes the Metropolitan Police horse Imperial under a line of washing during the competition for the best-trained police horse. On the day before the event, Imperial had been ridden by the Queen at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade. *Right*—A general view of the ring at Richmond during the amateur driving marathon, showing the judging in progress. Both the Outwood Challenge Trophy for amateur driving marathon and the Cream Candy Challenge Cup were won by Mr. G. C. H. Matthey with his pair of chestnut geldings, Floris and Vanburen.

The Sphere of Travel

THE ISLES OF THE NORTH

Holidaymaking in the Orkney and Shetland Isles

By GORDON COOPER

FAR out in the northern seas of Scotland are two groups of islands which still remain practically unknown to those who live in the south. I refer to the Orkney and Shetland Isles. And if southerners do think of these islands, they are apt to assume that the one group is very much like the other. "Orkneyandshetland," we say, all in one word, and that word is indicative of a serious misconception. The two groups differ widely. Their inhabitants are imbued with strong local patriotism, and woebetide the visitor who innocently—and ignorantly—confuses one with the other!

They have, however, certain things in common. Both groups are interesting, both are beautiful (though with contrasting aspects), and both came to Scotland from Norway as security for a Royal dowry which was never paid. In many other ways, though, they differ, and it is best to deal with them separately.

Orkney.—Perhaps the most notable thing about these islands is their climate. Despite their situation in the far north, it is mild and equable. Even in winter, frost and snow rarely last for long periods, and the average January temperature is almost the same as that of Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. This happy state of affairs is due, of course, to the Gulf Stream. During summer, the days are exceptionally long—there is, in fact, no night, for between sunset and sunrise the sky is luminous and exhibits the most wonderful tints of amber and old gold. At midnight, during a recent visit, I was able to read a book comfortably without artificial illumination; but the fairylike appearance of the landscape was a far greater attraction.

The nearest point of Orkney to the mainland of Scotland is about seven miles across the Pentland Firth and a steamer crosses every weekday from Scrabster (near Thurso) to Stromness in just over two hours. There are also regular sailings from Leith and Aberdeen, and there are various air links maintained by B.E.A. It is possible, for instance, to leave London at 8.30 a.m. by Viscount, have breakfast in the plane; morning coffee at Edinburgh Airport (where you change planes), and reach Kirkwall (Orkney) in time for lunch. During the summer, you can also continue on to Sumburgh Airport (Shetland), arriving there shortly after two. The return from Orkney could follow a different route: flying to Glasgow and crossing the Grampians. On both journeys the scenery is magnificent, and as the plane flies reasonably low, it is rewarding to look out of the windows. I would indeed claim that these northerly air-trips are unexcelled in Europe for scenic beauty.

The largest island of the Orkney group is known as the Mainland or Pomona, and on it are the only two towns of any size: Kirkwall, the capital, and Stromness. In the former, the old Norse cathedral is the most striking feature of the town. It dates from 1137 and was dedicated to St. Magnus. The adjoining Bishop's and Earl's Palaces are also of interest. Scapa Flow, the Grand Fleet's war-time station, is just across a narrow isthmus from Kirkwall.

Roads in Orkney (and in Shetland) are good and visitors will not regret taking their cars with them. The road from Deerness, on the extreme east of the Mainland, to Birsay is 32 miles long and traverses the entire length of the island.

The Mainland is full of interest both for the casual visitor and for those with specialist tastes. The botanist, the geologist and the anthropologist will all find subjects of study within this small area of land. Outstanding are the prehistoric remains, which include the inscrutable grey monoliths of the Ring of Brodgar and the adjoining Standing Stones of Stenness. For over 3,000 years they have stood in a lonely countryside keeping their secrets. Who built them? What kind of ceremonies took place in them? No one really knows, though many theories have been put forward.

Also at Stenness, which must have been a kind of Stone and Bronze Age mecca, is the 3,500-year-old burial mound of Maeshowe, the finest of its kind in Brita It looks like a gigantic ant-hill, and inside are three c set into the walls of a large underground chamber whic reached through a long, low passage.

Most fascinating of all, however, is Orkney's fir archæological treasure, the Stone Age village of Sk Brae. Dug out of the sandhills, it contains hous "streets," a village square and numerous items of st furniture. The ages of the houses vary, but they probably roughly contemporary with Maeshowe. Adjo ing this settlement is the lovely Skaill Bay, where breakers from the Atlantic crash with a flurry of wh foam. This is almost the only break in the twelve-m wall of cliffs which forms Orkney's wild west coast.

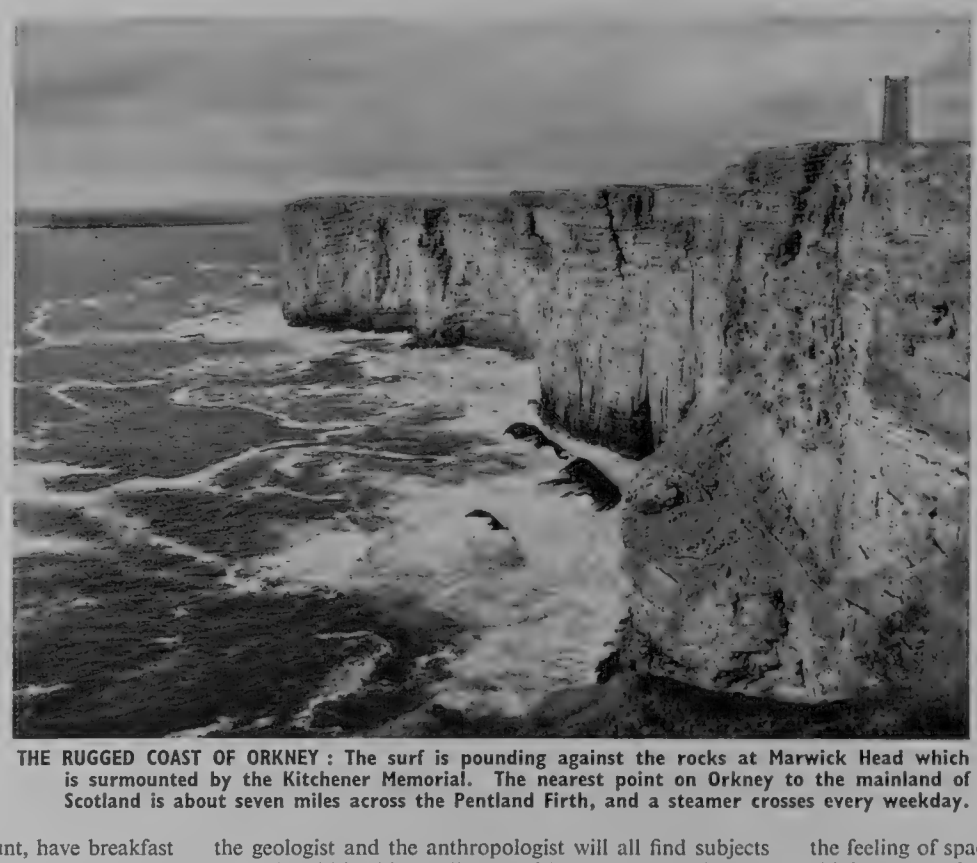
Apart from the Mainland, some of the other isla in the group—they number about 100 in all, but o about a third are inhabited—provide interest for visitor; and they are served by various internal steam services. The largest is Hoy, which is rugged and the m mountainous of the islands. St. John's Head, 1,400 high, is the highest perpendicular sea cliff in the Brit Isles. Here, too, is the Dwarfie Stone, familiar to read of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Pirate*. This hu block of sandstone is believed to have been a sepulch of the neolithic age, and it is one of only two su rock-carved tombs in the country.

Among the northern isles, I only mention Rousay, with remarkable Stone Age stalled bu mound and a broch (round tow and North Ronaldshay, which the peculiarity of a wall built rou its coast-line. This is not, as might think, to keep its native she in, but to keep them out, for th thrive best on a diet of seaweed a coarse grass, leaving the intens cultivated interior of the island other purposes. A feature of ma of the Orkney Isles, by the way, their highly-developed agricultu which contrasts with Shetland, wh fishing is the main industry.

Shetland.—For those who w to escape, if only for a while, I c think of no better place than Shetland (or Zetland) Isles. H one can roam at will through quiet dales and over the heather-c hills, within a short distance of ocean. In the course of these wa the visitor will come in contact w crofters. He will notice, too, little shaggy ponies on their nat heath, and the sure-footed sheep hill and headland, and see at f hand the making of Shetland ha knitted garments, most of wh are exported to countries all o the world.

More than anything else, it the feeling of spaciousness and utter freedom which is chief appeal of these islands. And always there is ever-changing panorama of the sea. On the western s board (the most attractive side of the Mainland) the gr cliffs face the Atlantic, and where they give way to curv bays there are stretches of silver sand between gr headlands.

Like Orkney, Shetland has a romantic past. Wh written history begins with the Vikings, there were earlier times prehistoric inhabitants. Then, for centuries, there was the occupation, and the Viking nam



THE RUGGED COAST OF ORKNEY: The surf is pounding against the rocks at Marwick Head which is surmounted by the Kitchener Memorial. The nearest point on Orkney to the mainland of Scotland is about seven miles across the Pentland Firth, and a steamer crosses every weekday.

ON SHETLAND AND ORKNEY: *Left*—Lerwick is the only town of any size in the Shetland group. Gordon Cooper recommends the Grand and Queen's Hotels for visitors. For holidays he suggests the smaller villages lying on the west coast. The picture *on the right* shows the view looking across Kirkwall Harbour, in Orkney, towards the Kirkwall Hotel, which is also recommended by Gordon Cooper. Kirkwall (the capital) and Stromness are the only two towns of any size on the mainland of Orkney.

live on. Perhaps the most remark-
link of all is provided by the
-Helly-A' celebrations which take
e each year in Lerwick, the capital,
he end of January. On this occasion
iking galley is the centre-piece. On
nds an elected Guizer Jarl in full
ng costume, leaving it only after
ship has been dragged in procession
ugh the streets to a site for burning.
n, after the "Galley Song" has
rendered, hundreds of lighted
es are hurled into the hull and the
rs remain round the great bonfire
ng "The Norseman's Home." This
llowed by dancing and merry-
ing throughout the night, many of
men being dressed in rich costumes.
erwick is picturesquely situated,
it is the only town of any size in
group. I think, however, that for a
day I would prefer to recommend
or other of the smaller villages lying
the west coast, such as Spiggie,
oway, and Hillswick. There is also
attractive hotel at Sumburgh, near
airport. Adjoining this hotel is the
storic village of Jarlshof, where
interesting and valuable dis-
ures have been made. It is, indeed,
of the most remarkable archæo-
cal sites in Britain. In addition to
ancient dwellings, there are also
e long houses on a higher ground-
l, while above them is the sixteenth-
ury laird's house.

Such brief remarks cannot pretend
o justice to the Isles of the North.
e said nothing, for instance, about

ON THE WEST COAST OF SHETLAND: Looking across Watsness to Foula, a small island 16 miles south-west of the mainland, which is a fishing centre. *On left*—The Ring of Brodgar, which forms part of the Standing Stones of Stenness, on Orkney. They are over 3,000 years old.

the abundant bird life, or the abundant opportunities for the angler. Fishing, by the way, is free everywhere in Orkney, while in Shetland the charge is purely nominal. Then, for those who are interested in history, as well as other things, I recommend a reading of the separate "County" Series of books dealing with each group. Both volumes are reliable and well written. Useful handbooks can also be obtained from the Town Clerks at Kirkwall and Lerwick.

The only difficulty I can see regarding a holiday in either Orkney or Shetland concerns accommodation. This is in limited supply. You might care, however, to get hold of a copy of the brochure issued by the North of Scotland, Orkney and Shetland Shipping Co., Ltd. (Mathews' Quay, Aberdeen), for it contains particulars of inclusive cruises, including some in which hotel accommodation is provided. In Shetland especially, I think some visitors would be very satisfied to stay in a private house, and here the Town Clerk in Lerwick might be able to assist.

CELEBRATING IN THE SHETLAND CAPITAL: The guizers, carrying torches, march through Lerwick with the longship during the Up-Helly-A' celebrations in late January. The festival is essentially Viking in origin. It marked the return of the sun god and the gradual rolling back of the winter nights and the promise of spring.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Kirkwall	*Kirkwall*
Stromness	*Stromness*
Stenness	*Standing Stones*
Lerwick	*Grand—Queen's*
Sumburgh	*Sumburgh*
Spiggie	*Spiggie (unlicensed)*
Sullom Voe	*The Hotel*
Scalloway	*Scalloway*
Hillswick	*St. Magnus*

SOME NEW GUIDE-BOOKS

The *Michelin Guide* for France is the gastronome's bible for that country, while every motorist seeking accommodation must surely regard its hotel recommendations as being next to perfection in reliability. The new 1957 edition is now on sale.

The same firm has also just brought out a badly needed guide on the same lines for Italy, the only difference from the one on France being that no stars are given. Doubtless, these will follow in due course. Michelin has, in addition, at long last, published an English edition of their guide-book to Paris, which embraces sights in the surrounding area. Worth noting, too, is their new *Camping en France*.

Then, for the motorist in France who seeks good eating at low cost, there is the *Guide des Relais Routiers*, which is primarily intended for long-distance lorry drivers—these French drivers demand good food—but which will likewise appeal to the tourist who has to consider costs. This last-named volume (not a Michelin production) can be obtained from certain booksellers, and from M. Gilbert Lesage, 13, Chelsea Embankment, London, S.W.3. The cost is 12s. 6d., postage included.

TEA-PARTY FOR SEVEN

The Chimpanzees are Entertaining at the London Zoo; an Ancient Turtle; a Robin Family

The chimpanzees' tea-party at the London Zoo is in full swing again. This year there are seven chimps taking part in the festivities, and they are: Tom, Judy, Bobbie, Fifi, Maggie, Micky and Diane, all of which arrived recently from West Africa. The tea-party takes place on each week-day in an enclosure near the Zoo shop and Camel House. Weather permitting, it starts at 4.30 and goes on for about half an hour. The party is a great attraction for both young and old and the chimps appear to enjoy it as much as the audience, although, at times, some of them may look shyly at their visitors. At the end of the present season four of the chimps are to be sent to the Wellington Zoo in New Zealand.

A GREAT ATTRACTION FOR YOUNG AND OLD AT THE LONDON ZOO IN REGENT'S PARK: Head Keeper, Mr. Bill Pelkett, serves food to seven chimpanzees during their tea-party at the Zoo. Judy (on right) appears to forget herself and stands on the table to make sure that she gets her fair share. The tea-party takes place on each week-day.

On left— "WHO, ME?" One of the chimps pauses during tea to turn round and look at his audience. *On right*—Maggie (left) looks shyly at the crowd. Fifi, however, is a little bolder and takes a good look. Most of the other chimps in the background continue drinking.

BABY ROBINS ARE VISITED BY THEIR MOTHER: They are seen on the floor of the third-storey flat of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson in Toronto, Canada, while waiting for their mother to feed them. The two baby robins were taken into the flat after their own nest had been upset, and before very long were being visited by their parents. When this picture was taken the mother had been outside the window for a considerable time waiting for it to be opened. Even when the two young robins were put in a cage (the door of which was left open) the mother went inside, too. She was followed a little later by the father.

HE IS REPUTED TO HAVE LIVED FOR 400 YEARS: This magnificent specimen of a turtle was caught recently by a fisherman close to the island of Ré, near La Rochelle, off the French coast. It is said to be 400 years old. Given the name of Josephine, it was sold in the fish-market at La Rochelle before ending its life at the hands of a local fishmonger.

Money is our Business

The finance of the fishing industry and of its many ancillary trades forms a substantial part of our business, and it is proper that money should be in the forefront of the picture. We take pride in our share in this, and indeed in every other kind of industrial enterprise, but our part is primarily a financial one; for after all, money is our business.

Barclays Bank Limited

The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

BOOKMAKER'S DAUGHTER

An Autobiography of Beauty and Humour; An Examination of the Tichborne Case; Running a "Dude Ranch"; Nevil Shute's new Prophecies and other Fiction

THERE is only one fault to find with the admirable autobiography of Miss Cecile de Banke and that is its brevity. Although the book is more than 250 pages long, it is far too short for the reader, taking the author's life only up to her early twenties and leaving one with no hint of a further volume. HAND OVER HAND (Hutchinson. 21s.) is the story of a girl descended from those Huguenot weavers who, in the seventeenth century, escaped the persecution from which French Protestants were suffering and landed in their tens of thousands at Rye, Dover, Winchelsea and Sandwich. Many of these families naturally made for London, where Spitalfields became their centre of work and trade. Miss de Banke was herself brought up in the East End at first. Afterwards, when her father developed his bookmaking business, she and her family lived in the country. The seasons to her were marked by the change-over from steeplechasing to "the flat," and she describes spring meetings at Newmarket not only with photographic exactness but sometimes with a poet's appreciation of beauty. Later on, Miss de Banke writes of her life with the same almost passionate appreciation of beauty, oddity, humour, vitality, strangeness and all that goes to make up the existence of an active, inquiring human being. Her book is a treasure in its own right.

In the middle of the Victorian reign there occurred one of those cases which make not only legal history but a source of national interest and speculation. THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT, *A Victorian Mystery* (Hollis and Carter. 30s.) is Mr. Douglas Woodruff's account, wonderfully detailed and immensely lively, of this extraordinary business. The claimant himself came to England from Australia thirteen years after the presumed death by drowning of Roger Tichborne, claiming to be that man and the heir to the Tichborne baronetcy and estates. His petition was supported by the evidence of Roger Tichborne's mother, family doctor, solicitor and old servants. It was also strongly opposed by others of Roger Tichborne's close relatives. After the trial, during which it seemed that the whole country was taking sides, the Claimant was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude for perjury. Mr. Woodruff writes with his customary sparkling intelligence of what was the longest trial in the history of our civil and criminal courts, and its aftermath.

THE GATE INTO THE GARDENS AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD: This example of the work of Thomas Robinson in the early years of the eighteenth century is described as "probably the finest work of its kind in England" in *Decorative Wrought Ironwork in Great Britain*, by Raymond Lister (Bell. 35s.). The author discusses British designers and makers of architectural wrought ironwork and of domestic ironwork. There is a special section devoted to blacksmiths.

For a contrast (and that is something of an understatement) there is GUESTWARD HO! (Jarrolds. 15s.), the story of a young American couple who decide to leave New York to run what is known as a "dude ranch" in New Mexico. The definition of that phrase might be a perfectly genuine ranch that, through various vicissitudes, is being run as a holiday place where guests may eat, drink, ride around and play at a modified game of cowboys and Indians. Mrs. Barbara Hooton has been living this life as director, manager, cook, hostess and general dogsbody with her equally resourceful husband, and her story, as confided to Mr. Patrick Denis, is something to cheer us.

I once heard someone say in accents of supreme disgust that a certain book was "only a novel." It was a shock from which, thank heavens, I soon recovered. If I ever did feel a relapse I would only have to quote to myself the names of Trollope, Jane Austen, Dostoevsky, Proust, Willa Cather, Bennett, Colette, Maugham, Tomlinson, and a few score others, including the name of our very present-day story-teller, Nevil Shute who, I can only hope, is not any kind of prophet. Mr. Shute's new novel, ON THE BEACH (Heinemann. 15s.), has a theme that is simple, sombre and inescapably readable. Briefly, it is that a war in the northern hemisphere waged by hydrogen- and cobalt-bombs has wiped out all life there, leaving only the southern hemisphere alive with a limited period of survival until the radiation sickness is carried down to it by the wind currents. The action is centred in Australia, principally around Melbourne, and the author has chosen a pleasant, ordinary, sensible group of young married people there to demonstrate his theme of people waiting, courageously or not, for certain death. I am not sure that it is not the best thing he has ever written.

In Mr. Hugh Thomas's highly amusing novel, THE WORLD'S GAME (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), the scene is London more or less at the present time. The action, both mental and physical, takes place mainly in the Foreign Office, about which one may learn almost too many practical details though, one hopes, not a complete interpretation of policy. The young man through whose bright intellect and ordinary approach to casual love the story is told is also a young man of political integrity and, in the final event, finds this a force which directs his life more surely than *amours*, gossip or the turning of a quick trick. The novel is highly intelligent as a recital of a certain kind of existence; often alarming and, more often, amusing.

It has been said that London clubs have been going through a bad time: most, if not nearly all, have been compelled to let women in to boost their faltering finances. Why, incidentally, "the ladies" should rush to endure this dismal experience I have never known. The kindest solution is their strong feminine trait of curiosity. With the publication of THE CLUB (Macmillan. 15s.), by Mr. Andrew Graham, they may be spared the grim expedient and be taken behind the scenes to read all about it. They may be baffled and even bewildered by the story of back-biting, snarling, intrigue and double-crossing undreamed of even among viragoes, but if they were to take their nearest male relatives to the point of truth it would be admitted that it is a fair picture. In this particular story there is an almighty club row over the appointment of a secretary. The diehards rally round some recognisable types; the day is eventually lost and the club goes bust. Although Mr. Graham's obvious intention is that it should bear no resemblance to any living institution no one who lists his clubs in *Who's Who*, or on his visiting cards, can fail to enjoy this unloving caricature.

ANGEL (Peter Davies. 15s.) is Miss Elizabeth Taylor's new novel, which means that it is written with a rare perception and in a graceful language. It does not mean, for once, that it is a study in exquisite sympathy as one has known Miss Taylor to write before. On the contrary, although one sees that the author perfectly understands her character who is an extraordinary girl rising above very ordinary circumstances to be a Correlli-ish, Ouida-esque romantic writer with vast sales and no critical support, it is perfectly clear that she doesn't like her. But I would still rather read *any* book by Elizabeth Taylor than risk missing one.

Miss G. B. Stern's theme in her new novel, SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN (Collins. 13s. 6d.), is that of a woman who discovers in middle life that her own estimate of her easy-going, attractive character could be essentially untrue when her greatest friend accuses her of bitter cruelty in her conduct. From that to a reassessment occupies the length of this cosy, chatty novel.

THE LINTON MEMORIAL (Longmans. 15s.), by Lavender Lloyd, is a love-story based on a mystery, and very good it is. An extremely pretty English girl, orphaned, teaching in a South Coast ballet school and with no idea of the pathos of her situation, meets and marries a man who carries her back to his big farm in East Africa. There she finds that there is some question about the source of his money and about his earlier relationships. Blackmail, sudden death, ostracism, an airplane crash and vindication follow each other, but the author has a masterly way of presenting drama as opposed to melodrama and her whole book is a triumph of natural description and very natural human reactions.

A NOISE IN THE NIGHT (Hart-Davis. 13s. 6d.) is a spy and murder story told by Mr. Selwyn Jepson with considerable humour. HARM INTENDED (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), by Mr. Richard Parker, is about a Pools winner and the kidnapping of his child, and is exceptionally thrilling, touching and real in its impact.

As Disraeli remarked, the British Constitution makes no provision either for the political training or the permanent employment of the Heir Apparent. It demands of him nothing but readiness to ascend the Throne in due course. Thomas Sidney has made a study of the men who have fulfilled this exacting role from George Augustus, Prince of Wales, who was openly at loggerheads with his father, George I, to Edward, Prince of Wales, who, in the limelight of a modern age, found the burden of kingship too great to be borne. HEIRS APPARENT (Wingate. 25s.) vibrates with human interest. If any clear-cut pattern of behaviour emerges from these pages it is perhaps most noticeable in the conflict of character and temperament that has so often existed between the Sovereign and the heir to the Throne. Hatred of the eldest sons and heirs was congenital in the Hanoverians. The Guelphs brought their family quarrels to Britain and were not afraid to air them in public. Coming to later times, new and better family relationships developed, but the old problem of the Heir Apparent's position remained, and it was thrown into high relief during the reign of Victoria. Mr. Sidney has written an excellent historical narrative and taken full advantage of the drama inherent in his theme.

The name and fame of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Scotland stems from his remarkable work in the Intelligence Service in two world wars, but, as his own book reveals, the success he enjoyed stemmed from an earlier period when he actually served in the German Army. What he learnt of the equipment and organisation of the German Army Colonel Scotland never forgot, and if times changed and methods changed with the advancing century, his knowledge of the habits, language and mental outlook of the German soldier gave this brilliant interrogating officer a clear start over all his colleagues in the field. In THE LONDON CAGE

PRINCES AND PARENTS

A Study of Heirs to the Throne

(Evans Bros. 16s.) Colonel Scotland reveals the nature of some of his major interrogations at the centre, during the last war, in Kensington Gardens from which the book takes its title.

The extent to which one outstandingly successful book can change the course of a single life is reflected in Vera Brittain's TESTAMENT OF EXPERIENCE (Gollancz. 21s.). In this autobiography stretching from the period of the middle '20's to 1950 she continues the story she began in *Testament of Youth*, and tells us how great was the impact upon her and her family of the popular acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic which came to her with the publication of that moving story of a youth who lived in the shadow of the First World War. The impact was almost as great as marriage and motherhood, we are led to believe. Neither personal acclaim nor any other factor in Vera Brittain's life has deflected her from her steadfast conviction that her task is to serve the ends of world peace, and this theme runs like a golden thread through the whole absorbing narrative.

Here are three books of travel, all from remote lands and all three important from the point of view of serious exploration. Joseph Grelier's TO THE SOURCE OF THE ORINOCO (Herbert Jenkins. 18s.) is a first-hand record of the Franco-Venezuelan Expedition of 1951, initially a French effort backed by modest resources, finally a great national enterprise backed by an air-lift and all that modern science could provide. Even so, it was a battle of endurance, of man against the elements, and Joseph Grelier's simple, straightforward account, shorn of all heroics, could hardly be more effective.

George Woodcock's TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD (Faber and Faber. 25s.) is an account of travels in Mexico in the autumn and winter of 1953. While to a certain extent it covers little-known terrain in eastern Mexico across the Sierra Madre and the highlands of Jalisco, among the lakes of Michoacan and the dry mountains of Oaxaca, the special interest of the volume lies in the contrast between the sophisticated life of the cities and the peasant life of the countryside. Always on his travels Mr. Woodcock has an eye to architectural beauty and much else besides. He is a really delightful and erudite guide.

Finally, a word in praise of John Clark's HUNZA (Hutchinson. 21s.). Mr. Clark, an American geologist, went to Hunza (that remote kingdom of the Himalaya that has stayed in isolation for some 2,000 years) with the object of lending assistance. He established in the Mir of Hunza's palace a free dispensary where he treated over 5,000 sick people, planted high mountain gardens to supplement the country's meagre food supplies, and opened a school for basic carpentry. He met with many frustrations and difficulties, which is the lot of most folk who do good works, but his rewards were many and at least he has come away with the knowledge that he has learnt a great deal from the people of Hunza.

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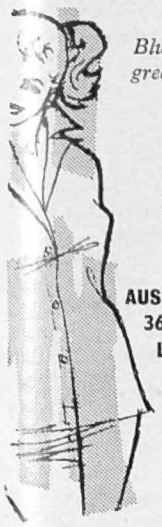

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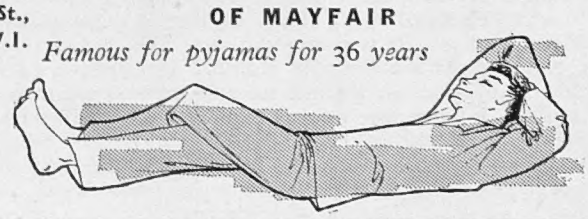

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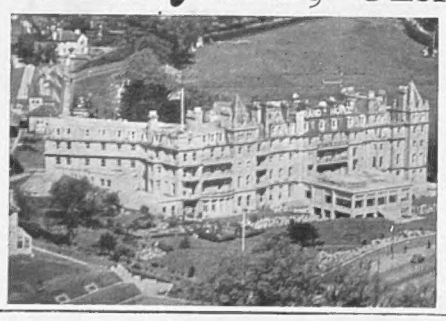

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DO YOU LIKE "MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS"? An increasing percentage of week-enders, and annual holidaymakers, are forsaking the crowded seaside for the inland waterways where, as several correspondents have written me, they can "mess about in boats," by which they mean, sailing, outboard motors, or even aspire to what is termed a motor-cruiser.

Does not Old Bosham, Dell Quay, and Itchenor, convey nostalgic thoughts to those who know Chichester Harbour? Indeed, living so close I might be tempted, were it not for my love of garden and home, to take to the waterways and leave it to Nature to water my plants.

Though there are a number of inns whose gardens are lapped by the wavelets of this water, I have yet to find one where good food and wine are a speciality. So I can but direct my enquirers to the Trust House, The Dolphin or The Ship at Chichester, whose very names are indicative of the fact that Chichester is not entirely devoted to matters civic and ecclesiastical.

Passing from Sussex into Hampshire, life on the water and on the shore is never wholly inactive at Hamble, where here, fortuitously, is an excellent spot in which to assuage hunger and thirst, the far famed Bugle Inn. Russell and Freda Gillmore have no need to sound "Come to the Cook-house Door Boys," for their reputation for lobster and grills has travelled far out of earshot of the bugle, and many a motorist turns off the main Fareham-Southampton road to enjoy the Gillmores' fare.

The next point in our travels, where we are bound to witness nautical activity, is Lymington, where as we travel on the car ferry to the Isle of Wight, sleek yachts with slender masts strain violently at their moorings as the wash of our ferry relentlessly charges shorewards. Though we have no personal recommendation as yet in Lymington, we have at Yarmouth, where The George caters not only for yachtsmen but for residents and visitors to the island who seek a menu and wine list out of the ordinary.

Writing of the Isle of Wight, the other spot beloved of those who enjoy "messing about in boats" is Bembridge, the home of those gaff-rigged sloops the Redwings. Here will be found that solid square building The Royal Spithead Hotel, where Charles Selwyn and his wife have trimmed their sails according to the needs of those families who go there year after year In short, "good cooking, comfort, and a friendly character come before chromium plate and thick carpets, which children would quickly ruin"—and their policy seems to work. For those who prefer a quiet luxuriant decor, Continental cooking and, its accompaniment, fine wine, Pitt House Club is the place to stay at, where there are almost as many bathrooms as bedrooms.

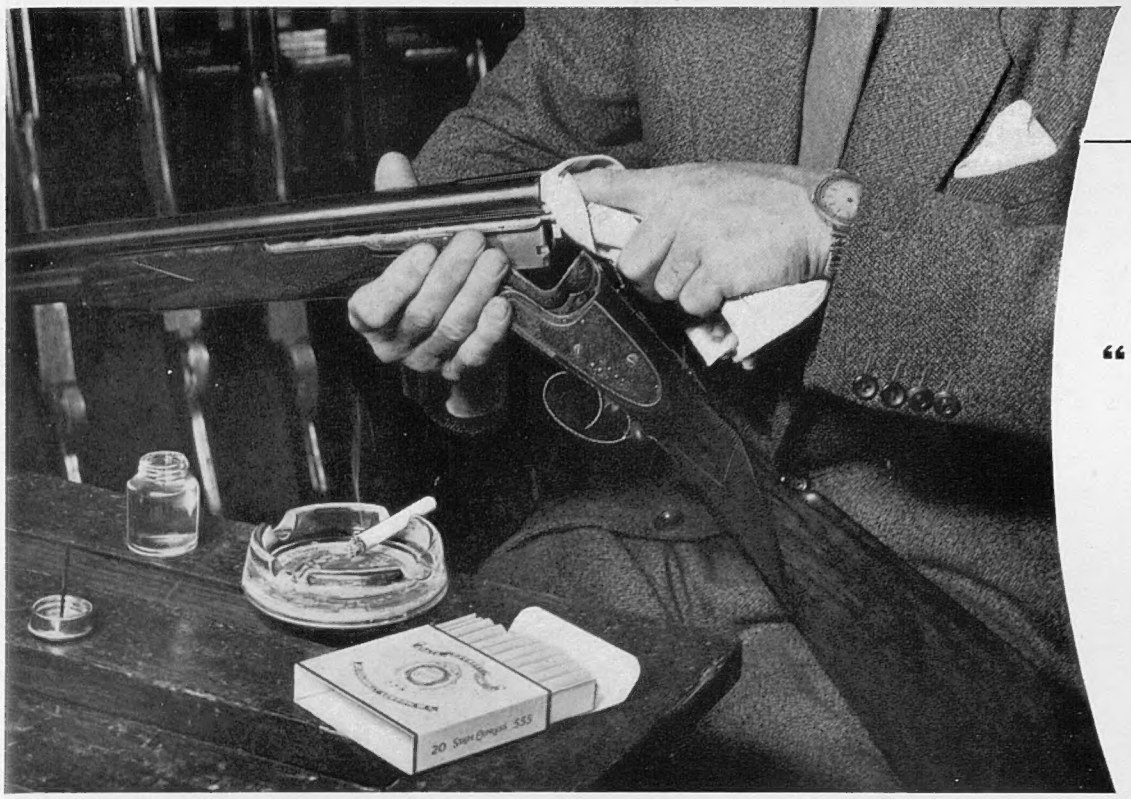
Returning to the mainland we move westward through Bournemouth to Poole Harbour, where we hear that Mr. and Mrs. J. M Ramsay, who were previously at the Crown Hotel, Blandford, have taken over The Poole Yacht Club. By the time these lines appear in print I hope to have visited them in their new quarters. It is of interest to note that this club provides accommodation with or without private bathrooms, private suites, *à la carte* and *table d'hôte* meals, a fine position overlooking Poole Harbour, plus billiards, squash, and Parkstone Golf Club three minutes away.

Poole Harbour is the only inland waterway in Dorset. Now let 's see what Devon offers. There is sailing to be had, of course, on the Exe and the Dart, but the two real centres east of Plymouth are Salcombe and Newton Ferrers. The former is so well known that we can pass on to the latter, which is so tucked away that it comes as a delicious surprise to the newcomer. One of the attractions of Newton Ferrers, other than its unspoiltness, is that there is a School of Yachting where they not only have a fleet of varied craft but a land trainer by which one can learn the rudiments of sailing without falling overboard, other than on to grass. I think I would prefer it that way. Newton Ferrers, which clings to the steep, wooded banks of the Yealm, offers a variety of accommodation. Two hotels on which I pin my faith are Beacon Hill and Court House. The former, as its name suggests, has that airiness one expects at the summit and a temperature within to fit the season. If your interest is in sailing and food you are set fair for a good holiday here, for Mr. J. Mallet is a member of the local yacht club, and will take you down and effect the necessary introductions. The latter, an old-world manor of character and charm, whose foundations are older than its Norman parish church, has extensive grounds through which it is but a short stroll down to the waterfront. Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Adie are delightful hosts and their catering is first class.

The North Devon coast has, with the exception of Instow, few opportunities for sailing, but at Instow, my sailing headquarters for you would be The Marine Hotel, overlooking the sparkling waters of The Torridge. Here the red-and-white sail of small craft are for the most part a daily spectacle in spring, summer and autumn. Still moving westwards Cornwall has got quite a lot to offer. One's first thoughts turn to the waterways of the Fal and Helford Rivers, where choice of accommodation lies between St. Mawes and Falmouth, and on the Helford River itself, Mawnan Smith, where Budock Vean Hotel will be found. Here not only is sailing a major activity but most other forms of outdoor and indoor sport, including a nine-hole golf course.

The Fowey River is another favourite among those whose pastime is by or on the water. Mention of Bodinnick conjures up memories of the car ferry from Fowey. But stay at the quaint Old Ferry Inn, which Mrs. Bannerman and her family have made so attractive. Prior to owning the Inn they holidayed in Bodinnick for many years, so know all the ropes about boating, sailing and fishing. It was they who told us of a new luxury hotel bang opposite Fowey called the Grey House, at Polruan. We went to see it. It was beautifully appointed and seemed just the place for the big yacht-owner whose crew do all the messing about

Space does not permit in this issue of making reference to that paradise of lovers of the water the Norfolk Broads, and the sheltered waters around Overy Staithe and Blakeney, so for this or any other part of Britain not touched on, please write to me for any advice on hotels.



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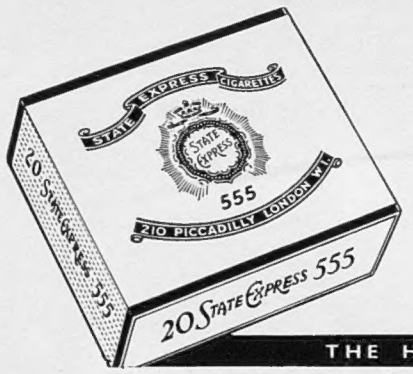

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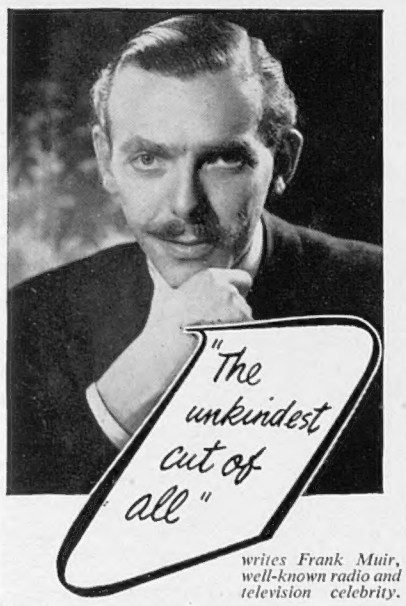

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